THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION OVER 200,000 EACH WEEK
SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 29.

Half a Chance

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

COPYRIGHT, 1909, THE BOBBS MERRILL CO

PART TWO.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He regarded a great bunch of clus-ing red roses—the winged marau- hovering noisily over. "I think I guess. The bees have carried the of the roses to them."

"Hue!" cried the girl, with light rm. "What a prosaic way to ex- s it! Say the soul, the heart's od. Some of the primroses have ded only a little; others have been nsformed."

"You think, then, some flowers may much influenced by others?"

"They can't help it," she answered ddently.

"Just as some people," he said a low tone, "can't help tak- into their lives some beauti- hue born of mere casual contact h some one, some time."

"What a poetical sentiment!" she ghed. "Really, it deserves a re- rd." As he spoke, she plucked a flowers and held them out in her m to him; he regarded her merry s and bright tints.

Erect, with well-assured poise, she ked at him; he took one of the wers, gazed at it, a tiny thing in own great palm, a tiny, red thing, a jewel in hue—that reminded of—what? As through a mist saw a spark—where?

"Only one?" she said in the same e. "You are modest. And you 't even condescend to put it in r coat?"

He did so; in his gaze was a sud- new expression, something so pelling, so different, it held her, ost against her will. He seemed see her and yet not fully to be re of her presence; she drew k slightly. The girl's crimson lips ted as with a suspicion of faint nder; the blue eyes, just a little erer, were, also, in the least degree plexed. The man's breast sud- ly stirred; a breath—or was it the est suggestion of a sigh?—escaped firm lips. He looked out of the dow at the garden, conventional. arrangement of lines one ex- ted.

When his look returned to her it the same he had worn when he stepped forward to speak with that afternoon.

Thank you for the lesson in bot- Miss Wray!" he said easily. "I ll not forget it."

The other primroses fell from her ers; with a response equally care- if somewhat reserved, she turned re-entered the library. Lord endale regarded both quickly; started, as he caught sight of the er in John Steele's coat. A frown ed his face and he looked away conceal the singularly cold and vin- ive gleam that sprang to his eyes.

CHAPTER IV

One evening about a fortnight later d Ronsda'e, in a dissatisfied frame mind, strolled along Piccadilly. His e wore a dark look, the expression one ill-pleased with fortune's late ude toward him. Plans that he long cherished seemed to be in e jeopardy; he had begun to flat- himself that the flowery way to he desired lay before him and t he had but to tread it, when ther, as the soothsayers put it, had ed his path.

plain man, a man without a title! d Ronsdale told himself. Miss lyn Wray was no better than an nt coquette, but the next mo- t questioned this conclusion. Had not really been a little taken by fellow? Certainly she seemed not se to his company; when she ed, and she willed often, she sum- ed him to her side. Nor did he appear reluctant to come at her ding; self-assertive though he had n himself to be he obeyed, sans ur, the wave of my lady's little d. Was it a certain largeness and ve about him that had awakened curiosity? From her high social ion had she wished merely to test own power and amuse herself a light fashion, surely youth's beauty's privilege?

ut whatever the girl's motive, her uct in the matter reacted on my the fellow was in the way, very h so. How could he himself pay t to her when she frivolously, if for a moment, preferred this moner's company? That very moon my lord, entering the music of the great mansion, had found at the piano playing for him, her fingers moving over the keys to tune of one of Chopin's nocturnes. had surprised a steady, eloquent in the fellow's eye turned on her a glance the ardency of which e was no mistaking. It had alter- at my lord's rather quiet and ipt appearance, chystallized into impersonal icy light. Colder even n the nobleman's own stare. He perforce, to endure the other's ence and conversation, an under- ent to the light talk of the girl who seemed, Lord Ronsdale thought, a little maliciously aware of the constraint between the two men, and not at all put out by it.

What made the situation even more anomalous to Ronsdale and the less patiently to be borne, was that Sir Charles understood and sympathized with his desires and position in the matter. And why not? Ronsdale's father and Sir Charles had been old and close friends; here were reasons that pointed to the match as a suitable one, and Sir Charles, by his general manner and attitude, had long shown he would put no obstacle in the way of the nobleman's suit for the hand of his fair niece. As for Lady Wray, Lord Ronsdale knew that he had in that practical and worldly person a staunch ally of his wishes; these had not become less ardent since he had witnessed the unqualified success of the beautiful colonial girl in London; noted how men, illustrious in various walks of life, grave diplomats, stately ambassadors, were swayed by her light charm and impulsive frankness of youth. And to have her who could have all London at her feet, including his distinguished self, show a predilection, however short-lived and capricious, for—

"Confound the cad! Where did he come from? Who are his family—if he has one!"

Thus ruminating he had drawn near his club, a square, imposing edifice, when a voice out of the darkness caused him abruptly to pause;

"If it isn't 'is lordship!"

The tones expressed surprise, satisfaction; the nobleman looked down; gave a slight start; then his face became once more cold, apathetic.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said roughly.

The countenance of the fellow who had ventured to accost the nobleman fell; a vindictive light shown from his eyes.

"It's like a drama at old Drury," he observed, with a slight sneer. "Only your lordship should have said: 'Who the devil are you?' "

Lord Ronsdale looked before him to where in the distance, near a street lamp, the figure of a policeman might be dimly discerned; then, with obvious intention, he started toward the officer; but the man stepped in front of him. "No, you don't" he said.

The impassive, steel-like glance of Ronsdale played on the man; a white, shapely hand began to reach out. "One moment, and I'll give you in charge as—"

The fellow saw that Ronsdale meant it; he had but an instant to decide; a certain air of cheap, jaunty assurance he had begun to assume vanished. "All right," he said quickly, but with a ring of suppressed venom in his voice. "I'll be off. Your lordship has it all your own way since the Lord Nelson went down." There was a note of bitterness in his tones. "Besides, Dandy Joe's not exactly a favorite at headquarters just now, after the drubbing John Steele gave him.

"John Steele!" Lord Ronsdale looked abruptly round.

The felow regarded him and ventured to go on: "I was witness for the police and Mr. Gillett, and he—Steele," with a curse, "had me on the stand. He knows every rook and welsher and every swell magsman, and all their haunts and habits. And he knows me—blame—" he made use of another expression more forcible—"if he don't know me as well as if he'd once been a pal. And now," in an injured tone, "Mr. Gillett calls me hard names for bringing discredit, as he terms it, on the force."

"What's this to me?"

The fellow stopped short in what he was saying, his small eyes glistened and he took a step forward. "Your lordship remembers the 'Frisco Pet? Your lordship remembers him?" he repeated, thrusting an alert face closer.

"I believe there was a prize-fighter of that name," was the calm reply.

"I say!" The fellow let his jaw fall slightly; he gazed at the nobleman with mingled shrewdness and admiration. "Your lordship remembers him only," with an accent, "as a patron of sport. Tossed a quid on him"—with a look of full meaning—"as your lordship would a bone to a dog. Perhaps." gaining in audacity, "your lordship would be so generous as to throw one or two now at one he once favored with his bounty."

"I—favored you? You lie!" The answer was concise; it cut like a lash; it robbed the man once more of all his hardihood. He slunk back.

"Very good," he muttered.

Lord Ronsdale turned and with a sharp swish of his cane walked on. The other his eyes resentfully bright, looked after the tall, aristocratic, slowly departing figure.

As the nobleman ascended the steps of his club he seemed again to be thinking deeply; within, his preoccupation did not altogether desert him. In a corner, with the big pages of the Times before him, he read with scant interest the doings of the day; even a perennial telegram concerning a threatened invasion of England did not awaken momentary interest. He passed it over as casually as he did the markets or a grudging, conservative item from the police courts, all that the blue pencil had left of the hopeful efforts of some poor penny-a-liner. From the daily fulminator he had turned to the weekly medium of fun and fooling, when, from behind another paper, the face of a gray-haired, good-natured appearing person, quite different off the bench, chanced to look out at him.

"Eh? That you, Ronsdale?" he said, reaching for a steaming glass of hot beverage at his elbow. "What do you think of it, this talk of an invasion by the Monseers?"

"Don't think anything of it."

"Answered in the true spirit of a Briton!" laughed the other. "I fancy, too, it'll be a long time before John Bull ceases to stamp around, master of his own shores, or Britannia no longer rules the deep. But how is your friend, Sir Charles Wray? I had the pleasure of meeting him the other morning in the court room."

"Same as usual, I imagine, Judge Beeson."

"And his fair niece; she takes kindly to the town and its gaieties?"

"Very kindly," dryly.

"A beautiful girl, our young Australian!" The elder an toyed with his glass, stirred the contents and sipped. "By the way didn't I see John Steele in their box at the opera the other night?"

"It is possible," shortly.

"Rising man, that!" observed the other lightly. "Combination of brains and force! Did you ever notice his fist? It might belong to a prize-fighter, except that the hands are perfectly kept! You'd know at once he was a man accustomed to fighting, who would sweep aside obstacles, get what he wanted!"

"Think so?" Lord Ronsdale smoked steadily. "You, as a magistrate, I suppose, know him well?"

"Should hardly go that far; taciturn chap, don't you know! I don't believe any one really knows him."

"Or about him?" suggested the other, crossing his legs nonchalantly.

"Not much; only that he is an alien."

"An alien?" quickly. "Not a colonial?"

"No; he has lived in the colonies—Tasmania, and so on. But by birth he's an American."

"An American, eh? And practising at the British bar?"

"Not the first case of the kind; exceptions have been made before, and aliens 'called,' as we express it. Steele's hobby of criminology brought him to London, and his earnestness and ability in that line procured for him the privilege he sought. As member of the incorporated society that passes upon the qualifications of candidates it was my pleasure to sit in judgment on him; we raked him fore and aft but, bless you, he stood squarely on his feet and refused to be tripped."

"So he came to England to pursue a certain line?" said Lord Ronsdale half to himself.

"A man with a partiality for criminal work would naturally look to the modern Babylon. Steele apparently works more to gratify that predilection than for any reward in pounds and pence. Must have private means; have known him to spend a deal of time and money on cases there couldn't have been a sixpence in."

"How'd he happen to get down in Tasmania? Odd place for a Yankee!"

"That's one of the questions he wasn't asked," laughingly. "Perhaps what our Teutonic friends would call the Wander-lust took him there." Rising. "My compliments to Sir Charles when you see him."

Lord Ronsdale remained long at the club and card-table that night; over the bits of pasteboard, however, his zest failed to flare high, although instinctively he played with a discernment that came from long practice. But the sight of a handful of gold pieces here, of a little pile there, the varying shiftings of the bright disks, as the vagaries of chance sent them this way or that, seemed to move him in no great degree—perhaps because the winning or losing of a few hundred pounds, more or less, would have small effect on his fortunes or misfortunes. At a late, or rather, early, hour he pushed back his chair, richer by a few coins that jingled in his pocket, and, yawning, walked out. Summoning a cab, he got in, but as he found himself rattling homeward to the chambers he had taken in a fashionable part of town, he was aware that any emotions of annoyance and discontent experienced earlier that night, had suffered no abatement.

"Tasmania!" The horse's hoofs beat time to vague desultory thoughts; he stared out, perhaps, in fancy, at southern seas, looked up at stars more lustrous than those that hung over him now. Then the divers clusters of points, glowing, insistent, swam around, and he fell into a half doze, from which he was awakened by the abrupt stopping of the cab. Having paid the man he went up to his rooms. On the table in an inner apartment, his study, something bright, white, met his gaze: a note in Jocelyn Wray's handwriting! Quickly he reached for it and tore it open.

"A party of us ride in the park tomorrow morning. Will you join us?"

That was all; brief and to the point; Lord Ronsdale frowned.

"A party!" That would include John Steele perhaps. Once before on a morning, the girl's fair face and dancing eyes had wooed Steele away from his desk, or the court, to the park.

Should he go? The note slipped from his fingers to the carpet; he permitted it to lie there; the importance to himself and others of his decision he little realized. Could he have foreseen all that was involved by his going, or staying away, he would not so carelessly have thrown off his clothes and retired, dismissing the matter until the morrow, until he should chance to waken.

CHAPTER V.

Close at hand, the trees in Hyde Park seemed to droop their branches, as if in sympathy with the gray aspect of the day, while afar, across the green, the sylvan guardians of the place had either receded altogether in the gray haze or stood forth like shadowy ghosts. In the foreground, not far from the main entrance, a number of sheep and their young nibbled contentedly the wet and delectable grass, and as some bright gown paused or whisked past, the juxtaposition of fine raiment and young lamb suggested soft, shifting Bouchers or other dainty French pastorals in paint. The air had a tang; the dampness enhanced the perfumes, made them fuller and sweeter, and a joyous sort of melancholy seemed to hold a springtime world in its grasp.

Into this scene of rural tranquility rode briskly about the middle of the morning Jocelyn Wray and others. The glow on the girl's cheeks harmonized with the redness of her lips; the sparkling blue eyes mocked at all neutral hues; her gown and an odd ribbon or two waved, as it were, light defiance to motionless things—still leaves and branches, flowers and buds, drowsy and sleeping. Her mount was deep black, with fine arching neck and spirited head; on either side of the head, beneath ears sensitive, delicately pointed, had been fastened a rose, badge of favor from a bunch nestling at the white throat of the young girl. She rode with a grace and rhythmical ease suggestive of large experience in the pastime; the slender, supple figure swayed as if welcoming gladly the swing and the quick rush of air. Sometimes at her side, again just behind, galloped the horse bearing John Steele, and, as they went at a fair pace, preceded and followed by others or a gay party, the eyes of many passers-by turned to regard them.

"By Jove, they're stunning! It isn't often you see a man put up like that."

"Or a girl more the picture of health!"

"And beauty!"

Unconscious of these and other comments from the usual curious contingent of idlers filling the benches or strolling along the paths, the girl now set a yet swifter gait, glancing quickly over her shoulder at her companion: "Do you like a hard gallop? Shall we let them out?"

His brightening gaze answered; they touched their horses and for some distance raced madly on, passed those in front and left them far behand. Now Steele's eyes rested on the playing muscles of her superb horse, then lifted to the lithe form of Jocelyn Wray, the straight shoulders, a bit of a tress, disordered, floating rebelliously to the wind.

As abruptly as she had pressed her horse to that inspiring speed, she drew him in to walk.

"Wasn't that worth coming to the park for?" she said gaily.

He looked at her, at the flowers she readjusted, at the lips, half-parted to her quick breath.

"More than worth it."

"You see what you missed in the past," she observed in a tone slightly mocking.

"You were not here to suggest it," he returned, quietly, with gaze only for blue eyes.

She suffered them to linger "I suppose I should feel flattered that a suggestion from little me—"

"A suggestion from little you would, I fancy, go a long ways with many people." A spark shone now in the man's steady look; the girl seemed not afraid of it.

"I am fortunate," she laughed. "A compliment from Mr. John Steele!"

"Why not say—the truth?" he observed.

She stroked her horse's glossy neck and smiled furtively at the soft, velvet surface. "The truth?" she replied. "What is it? Where shall I find it? Isn't it something the old philosophers were always searching for? Plato, and—some of the others we were taught in school."

He started as if to speak, but his answer remained unuttered; the man's lips closed tighter together; a moment he watched the small gloved hand, then his gaze turned to the gray sky.

"So you see, I call compliments, compliments," she ended lightly.

He offered no comment; the horses moved on; suddenly she looked at him. One of those odd changes she had once or twice noticed before had come over John Steele; has face appeared too grave, too reserved; she might almost fancy a stormy play of emotion behind that mask of immobility. The girl's long lashes lowered; a slightly puzzled expression shone from her eyes. It may be she had but the natural curiosity of her sex, that her interest was compelled, because, although she had studied this man from various standpoints, his personality, strong, direct in some ways, she seemed unable to fathom. The golden head tilted; she allowed an impression of his profile to grow upon her.

"Do you know," she laughingly remarked, "you are not very interesting?"

He started. "Interesting!"

"A penny for your thoughts!" ironically.

"They're not worth it."

"No?"

He bent a little nearer. She swept back the disordered lock; an instant the man seemed to lose his self-possession. "Ah," he began, as if the words forced themselves from his lips, "if only I might—"

What he had been on the point of saying was never finished; the girl's quick glance, sweeping an instant ahead, had lingered on someone approaching from the opposite direction, and catching sight of him she had just missed noting that swift alteration in John Steele's tones, the brief abandonment of studied control, a flare of irresistible feeling.

"Isn't that Lord Ronsdale?" continuing to gaze before her.

A black look replaced the sudden flame in Steele's gaze; the hand holding the reins closed on them tightly.

"Rather early for him, I fancy," she said, regarding the slim figure of the approaching rider. "With his devotion to clubs and late hours, you know! Do you, Mr. Steele, happen to belong to any of his clubs?"

"No." He spoke in a low voice, almost harshly.

Her brow lifted; his face was turned from her. Had he been mindful he might have noted a touch of displeasure on the proud face, that she regarded him as from a vague, indefinite distance.

"Lord Ronsdale is a very old friend of my uncle's," she observed severely, "and—mine!"

Was it that she had divined a deep-seated prejudice or hostility toward the nobleman hidden in John Steele's breast, that she took this occasion to let him know definitely that her friends were her friends? "Even when I was only a child he was very nice to me," she went on.

He remained silent; she frowned, then turned to the nobleman with a smile. Lord Ronsdale found that her greeting left nothing to be desired; she who had been somewhat unmindful of him lately on a sudden seemed really glad to see him. His slightly tired, aristocratic face lightened; the sunshine of Jocelyn Wray's eyes, the tonic of youth radiating from her, were sufficient to alleviate, if not dispel, ennui or lassitude.

"So good of you!" she murmured conventionally, as Steele dropped slightly back among the others who had by this time drawn near. "To arrive at such an unfashionable hour, I mean!"

His pleased but rather suspicious eyes studied her; he answered lightly; behind them now, he who had been riding with my lady could hear their gay laughter. Lord Ronsdale was apparently telling her a whimsical story; he had traveled much, met many people, bizarre and otherwise, and could be ironically witty when stimulated to the effort. John Steele did not look at them; when the girl at a turn in the way allowed her glance a moment to sweep aside toward those following, she could see he was riding with head slightly bent down.

"Good-looking beggar, isn't he," observed the nobleman suddenly, his gaze sharpened on her.

"Who?" asked the girl.

"That chap Steele," he answered insinuatingly.

"Is he?" Her voice was flute-like. "What is that noise?" abruptly.

"Noise?" Lord Ronsdale listened. "That's music, or supposed to be! Unless I am mistaken, The Campbells Are Coming," he drawled.

"The Campbells? Oh, I understand! Let us wait!"

They drew in their horses, the black one became restive, eyed with obvious disapproval a gaily bedecked body of men swinging smartly along toward them. At their heads there marched pipers, blowing lustily; behind strode doughty clansmen, heads up, as became those carrying memories of battles won. They approached after the manner of veterans who felt that they deserved tributes of admiration from beholders; that in the piping times of peace they were bound to be conquerors still.

(To Be Continued.)

New Westminster Cathedral

—London Illustrated News.

REMARKABLE BUILDING CONSECRATED IN LONDON LAST WEEK.

Of vastly more significance to the Christian world than might be suggested in merely passing thought, was the consecration of the magnificent Westminster cathedral, of the Roman Catholic church, almost within the shadows of old St Paul's cathedral, in London, Tuesday of last week. One has but to be familiar with the religious history of England to see in this achievement the dawn of a new religious era in a country made Protestant through years of warfare and bloodshed. Heretofore one has not looked for the most imposing church architecture outside of Italy, where Rome is the seat of Catholic church authority, but now he may turn to one of the oldest Protestant countries in the world to find there a cathedral as imposing and as interesting as those of Milan, Venice and Naples.

Westminister Cathedral owes its being to the desires and ambitions of Cardinal Wiseman, first archbishop of Westminster, who planned that a great cathedral might be erected for his metropolitan see. Cardinal Wiseman died in 1865, and it was then that the project of a cathedral was taken up as a fitting memorial of his services to the Roman Catholic church in England. The men most active in pushing the project were the Duke of Norfolk, the late Lord Petre and the late Lord Gerard. Cardinal Manning, in his lifetime, had the foundation well under way, and after his death in 1895, the work was taken up by Cardinal Vaughan.

The late J. F. Bently was chosen as architect, and the Byzantine style was selected after much consideration, the cardinal's idea being that the architectural lines of primitive Christianity which, previous to the ninth century, were not confined to Italy, but were spread over many countries, should prevail. The first stone was laid June 29, 1895, and by 1899, the outer walls were very nearly completed, and the vast transverse arches, 90 feet high and 60 feet span, were being turned to carry four domes. The total cost of the edifice, largely paid for through contributions from Catholics throughout the world, approximately was $1,210,270. The area of the whole building is 54,000 square feet. The external extreme length is 300 feet; width 156 feet; height of nave, 117 feet; height of campanile (St. Edward's Tower) 273 feet, and to the top of the cross, 287 feet.

The most striking feature of the edifice is the tower, although the architecture of the building throughout is such as to claim the attention of travelers and students in the ages to come.

The cathedral, in accordance with the tenets of the Roman Catholic church, was consecrated absolutely free of indebtedness.

The King and Books.

London Globe.

Among all his duties, varied and frequent as they were, King Edward never gave up his taste for reading. It was partly from books that he gained his store of that knowledge by which his tact was able on every occasion to be stimulated. Probably no other than an avowed savant enjoyed a wider range of reading. On his shelves were to be found, in particular, a complete reference to the Indian mutiny, and he was always anxious to have any work of importance dealing with the public or private administration of his eastern empire. He read much in the way of the contemporary history of the colonies, and amassed documents concerning the current questions of colonial public life. Naturally, the history of his own kingdom and people had the first claim to his attention, but in the comparatively short hours which could be spared from the thousand and one calls upon his time he managed to acquire a really comprehensive study of the literature of the world. His library was more than that of a man of business. It contained a collection of books in which both the litterateur and sportsman could find something to their taste. He ever found time to keep up to a certain extent, with the best English and continental fiction. This is a trait which he shared with many other great and busy men. The king had the facility of extracting mental rest from the pages of a novel, and where many less competent men of affairs would be irritated by fiction he found in it an agreeable distraction. English novelists will remind themselves with pleasure that their craft brought some valuable moments of recreation to their late king.

Fourth in Great Days of Dodge City.

Kansas City Journal.

Mike Sutton, of Dodge City, who knew that town back in its glorious wild days, was asked the other day if he could recall how the real cowboys of a quarter of a century ago celebrated the Fourth.

"That day wasn't any different than any other to the cowboys," he replied. "Those chaps celebrated Fourth of July every day."

But he did recall a speech made one time at Dodge by a young Englishman, who had studiously, at the expense of much midnight oil, prepared a Fourth of July effort. He delivered his speech from a wagon box on the main street of the town, and plenty of happy-go-lucky cowboys were on hand. The Englishman was pulling the feathers from the eagle's tail in great shape, and as a climax in one part of his speech got off this remarkable mixup of history: "The English veterans, fresh from the field of Waterloo, met the ragged continentals at Lexington and were vanquished."

Not more than one in ten ever thought or knew of the discrepancy in the dates, but practically every mother's son yelled himself hoarse, and the cowboys joined in with a glorious fusillade of pistol shots. They didn't give a whoop about dates—it was patriotism they wanted, and they got it.

Betty and Her Bang.

I called upon dear Betty and she smiled
to see me come,
But when I looked at Betty, for a moment I was dumb.
Then Betty smiled upon me and my
heart with rapture rang,
The mystery was plain to me—dear
Betty wore a bang.

Oh, those naughty little bangs!
Those sporty little bangs!
I wish I hadn't been there, though my
heart with rapture rang,
She smiled upon me sweetly
And I lost myself completely,
And now I think of nothing else but
Betty and her bang.

We sat down in a corner, and she looked at me and smiled.
I tried to kiss her madly, for her bang had made me wild,
But she jumped and in my heart I felt an awful pang,
For when she reached the parlor door, she left me with a bang.

Oh, those naughty little bangs!
Those sporty little bangs!
I wish I hadn't been there, though my
heart with anguish rang,
She smiled upon me sweetly
And I lost myself completely,
And now I think of nothing else but
Betty and her bang.

—New York Evening Sun.

Poor May Make the Rich See.

New York American.

It may be that the blind who happen to be at the same time malefactors of great wealth will come to exact from the poor not only their goods, but their eyes as well. If the operation of Dr. Royal S. Copeland, dean of the faculty of Flower hospital, who recently grafted a bit of the cornea of a woman's eye upon a Chinaman, succeeds, this state of things may easily follow. The oculist has every reason to believe the operation will succeed.

"It would be an expensive operation for a rich man," said Dr. Capeland yesterday. "I think that if I performed it and restored sight to a man who had been blind he ought to pay me at least $10,000. The Chinaman paid nothing. I know of nothing in the law to prevent the sale of an eye by a poor man to a rich man."

The eye, a tiny bit of which has been set into the Chinaman's opaque cornea, was not sold, however, but was the free gift of a poor woman who had no further use for it.

When Mamie Ost entered Flower hospital with an injured eye Dr. Copeland found that it would be necessary to remove the organ in order to save the sight of the other eye. Sing Long, the cornea of whose left eye had become opaque through an infection, was in the hospital at the same time, and Dr. Copeland determined to try an operation of Von Hippel, a German scientist, who had transplanted a bit of the cornea of a rabbit's eye to a human eye. The piece was the size of the unsharpened lead of a pencil. Within a week the new piece had knit.

Dr. Copeland will now tear away enough tissue to make a new pupil. After another week this will heal and then, if the operation succeeds, Sing Long will see.

Unexplored Caves of California.

The Pathfinder.

In the vicinity of Tulu Lake, California, about 40 extinct volcanoes have been found, many already being covered with thick vegetation, and beneath the beds of lava given off by them in the past numerous interesting caverns have recently been discovered and explored. One is said to be 200 feet long, 50 feet wide and 40 feet high. Another has been reported discovered which is miles long; it has been named the Mammoth Cave of California.

One recently explored is said to contain two stories, the temperature in the under one being so low that icicles two yards long depended from the ceiling. Large caves have various origins. Many have once been solid ground, covered with heavy clay and limestone rock; the lower ground is washed away by underground waters, a roof and floor being left. Other caves are the result of air or other gases getting into the molten lava, expanding with the heat and blowing themselves into lava bubbles, leaving hollows and caverns when the lava has cooled and hardened, just as air bubbles may be seen to do in molten tar.

A Wheeled Town.

Denver Republican.

New Hereford, in eastern Weld county, is planning an old settlers' day reunion, although it is les sthan a year old. New Hereford is the only town in Weld county which, having been established in another state, was picked up and carried on wheels to a new location. Hereford was a town in southern Wyoming and was moved, it is said, at the request of a stockman named Benson, who wanted a town near his ranch and offered it good inducements. The people of Hereford were willing to make the move, only three miles. Business houses and dwellings were loaded on wagon gears and removed to the new site. The town is christened New Hereford and will be a year old August 26.

Hospitality.

Peekskill Palladium.

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house tonight, will you?"

"Certainly, with pleasure, will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."

The Goose Girl

by Harold MacGrath

COPYRIGHT, 1909, THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

How beautiful she was in that simple gown of white, unadorned by any jewels save the little crown of sparkling white stones in her hair!

"Tell me."

He was a good story teller. It was a crisp narrative he made.

"A veiled lady," she mused. "What would you say if I told you that your mystery is no mystery at all? I am the veiled lady. And the person I went to see was my old nurse, my foster mother, with whom I spent the happiest, freest days of my life, in the garret at Dresden. Pouf! All mysteries may be dispelled if we go to the right person. So you are to be recalled?"

"I have asked for my recall, your Highness."

"And so Dreiberg no longer appeals to you? You once told me that you loved it."

"I am cursed with wanderlust, your Highness." He regretted that he had not remained in the ball room. He was in great danger.

"You promised to tell me what she is like."

Suddenly all his fear went away, all his trepidation; the spirit of recklessness which had vised him a little while ago again empowered him. He was afraid of nothing. His face flushed and there were bright points of fire in his eyes. She saw what she had roused, and grew afraid herself. She pretended to become interested in the Watteau cupids on her fan.

"How shall I describe her?" he said. "I have seen only paintings and marbles, and these are inanimate. I have never seen angels, so I can not draw a comparison there. Have you ever seen ripe wheat in a rain storm? That is the color of her hair. There is jade and lapis-lazuli in her eyes. And Ole Bull could not imitate the music of her voice." He leaned forward her. "And I love her better than life, better than hope; and between us there is the distance of a thousand worlds. So I must give up the dream and go away, as an honorable man should."

Neither of them heard the chancellor's approach.

"And because I love her."

The fan in her hand slipped unheeded to the floor.

"Your Highness," broke in the cold, even tones of Herbeck, "your father is making inquiries about you."

Carmichael rose instantly, white as the frill in his shirt.

Hildegarde, however, was a princess. She gained her feet leisurely, with a half smile on her lips.

"Count, Herr Carmichael tells me that he is soon to leave Dreiberg."

"Ah!" There was satisfaction in Herbeck's ejaculation, satisfaction of a frank order. But there was a glint of admiration in his eyes as he recognized the challenge in Carmichael's. He saw that he must step carefully in regard to this hot-headed young Irishman. "We shall miss Herr Carmichael."

Her Highness moved serenely toward the door. Carmichael waited till she was gone from sight, then he stooped and picked up the fan. Herbeck at once held out his hand.

"Give it to me, Herr Captain," he said, with a melancholy gentleness. "I will return it to her highness."

Carmichael deliberately thrust the fan into a pocket and shook his head.

"Your excellency, I do not know how long you stood behind us, but you were there long enough to learn that I have surrendered my dream. Nothing but force will cause me to surrender this fan."

"Keep it, then, my son," replied the chancellor, with good understanding.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the Vintage.

The ducal vineyards covered some 40 acres of rich hillside. All day long the sun beat squarely upon the clustering fruit. A low, rambling building of stone covered the presses and bottling departments, and was within comparatively easy distance of the city. During the vintage several hundred men and women found employment. The grand duke derived a comfortable private revenue from these wines, the Tokay being scarcely inferior to that made in Hungary. There was a large brewery besides, which supplied all nearby cities and towns. The German noble, be he king, duke, or baron, has always been more

Roosevelt Writes of Prize-Fighting

Outlook.

I HAVE always been fond of boxing, and have always believed in it as vigorous, manly pastime, one of those games which have a distinct moral and physical value, because they encourage such essential virtues as courage, hardihood, endurance and self-control.

Until within a few years I used to box a good deal myself, and when I was young several times took part in contests of a public, or a semi-public, character—generally, I am bound to say, with little success. I think boxing is a game which should be encouraged among boys and young men generally. I have been glad to help so far as I could in the army and navy, where, I believe, it has been an excellent thing for the enlisted men. When I was police commissioner I was struck with by a statement made to me by Jacob Riis, to the effect that the establishment of boxing clubs in many of the poorer districts had resulted in good, in rather unexpected ways; that is, it had not only given the vigorous young fellows, who would otherwise have joined "gangs," a legitimate outlet for their activities, but had also markedly reduced the number of affrays in which the knife was used. The spirit produced by the boxing had told against prize-fighting, and distinctly discouraged unfair play.

Therefore, from every standpoint, I believe in the encouragement of boxing as a sport. Moreover, boxing as a profession has its good side also. Among the men whose friendship and regard I have really valued I could name a number of professional boxers, including several ring champions. The men to whom I refer I have found square, decent men, who showed themselves good citizens when their good citizenship was tested. I approved of the move which in this state, at the time that I was police commissioner, resulted in the enactment of a law permitting contests between professional boxers, under conditions which were meant to safeguard the sport against brutality and the other evils which have everywhere resulted sooner or later in the suppression of the prize-ring. I saw several of these public boxing contests, in which the intent of the law was carried out in good faith.

Nevertheless, even under this law, abuses crept in, and finally, one or two fights occurred where the surrounding circumstances were so scandalous that when I was governor I was obliged to advocate, and finally to secure, the repeal of the law under which the contests took place, feeling convinced, together with the great majority of the citizens of the state, that under it almost all that made prize-fighting objectionable and demoralizing had gradually been revived.

Now this was my experience, the experience of a man who, so far from being prejudiced against boxing, was and is a warm advocate of it, and who at the outset had not the slightest prejudice against professional boxing—that is, boxing for purses of money—and who numbers as friends many men who were professionals and had fought for money prizes. I am sure that what has happened in New York will happen in the nation at large, and that prize-fighting will be, as it ought, stopped in every state in the union. Since it was stopped in New York conditions surrounding the ring have grown worse and not better. The money prizes fought for are enormous, and are a potent source of demoralization in themselves, while they are so often arranged as either to be a premium on crookedness or else to reward nearly as amply the man who fails as the man who succeeds. The betting and gambling upon the result are thoroughly unhealthy, and the moving-picture part of the proceedings has introduced a new method of money-getting and of demoralization. In addition, the last contest provoked a very unfortunate display of race antagonism. I sincerely trust that public sentiment will be so aroused, and will make itself felt so effectively, as to guarantee that this is the last prize-fight to take place in the United States; and it would be an admirable thing if some method could be devised to stop the exhibition of the moving pictures taken thereof.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Cousin of Europe

London Answers.

IN EARLIER days it was always the object of each reigning monarch to marry his sons or his daughters to the children of neighboring rulers. In this way he could, or believed he could, secure peace for his people.

If today it were impossible for two countries whose ruling houses were related to quarrel Europe at large might literally turn the sword into a plough share, for if we except Turkey and Italy there is absolutely no other ruling family upon the continent of any importance with whom George V. is not allied by ties of blood.

Two of the most powerful thrones in Europe are occupied by first cousins of our king. The mother of Kaiser Wilhelm was King Edward's sister, while the mother of the Czar Nicholas of Russia is sister of Queen Alexandra.

Denmark, being the original home of Queen Alexandra, is the country with which our royal house has become closely linked and the alliance was further strengthened by the marriage of the king's sister Maud to the Danish prince who is now King Haakon of Norway.

The marriage of young Alfonso of Spain with the daughter of Princess Beatrice created a close link between the two countries and placed a royal crown upon the head of another cousin of the King.

The Czarina, as well as her angust husband, is a cousin of our King. She was Alix Victoria, youngest daughter of the late Princess Alice, and is therefore a first cousin of the occupant of the British throne. The family likeness between the Czar and King George is very strong, and the two are excellent friends.

Another country, the throne of which will in all human probability be occupied by two first cousins of our King, is Greece. The present King George of Greece, who was elected King by the Greek National Assembly in 1863, is a brother of the Queen Mother Alexandra and is therefore uncle of our present King. His eldest son, the Duke of Sparta, heir apparent to the throne of Greece, married the Princess Sophia, youngest sister of the German Emperor and also a cousin of our monarch.

King George V. is also connected, although not so closely, with the reigning families both of Belgium and Holland. The Belgium royal family is related to the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha house, of which the late Prince Consort was a member, and the late King Leopold was a second cousin of King Edward VII.

The Queen of Holland is not credited with particularly kindly feelings toward this country. During the Boer war her sympathies were rather with the Boers than ourselves. Nevertheless she is fairly closely connected with our reigning house, for the Duchess of Albany is daughter of the late Prince George of Waldeck and therefore aunt of Queen Wilhelmina.

It is a curious fact and difficult to believe that the present heir to the throne of little Rumania has as far as descent goes actually a better title to the British throne than any member of our own royal family. Young Prince Carol of Rumania, who is now just 17, is directly descended from Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I. The line runs through Louis XV. of France, Princess Charlotte of Spain, Pedro IV. of Portugal, and so down to King Ferdinand, who married Princess Marie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and cousin of King George V.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R.V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

or less a merchant; aid it did not embarrass the grand duke of Ehrenstein in the least to see his coat of arms burnt into oaken wine casks.

A former steward had full charge of the business, personally hiring and paying the help and supervising the various branches. He was a gruff old fellow, just and honest; and once you entered his employ he was as much a martinet as any captain at sea. The low cunning of the peasant never eluded his watchful eye. He knew to the last pound of grapes how much wine there should be, how much beer to the last measure of hops.

The entrance to the vineyards was made through a small lodge where the ducal vintner lived, and kept his books and moneys till such times as he should be required to place them before the proper official.

Upon this brave morning, the one following the ball at the palace, the vintner was reclining against the outside wall of the gates, smoking his china pipe and generally at peace with the world. The bloom was early upon the grape, work was begun, and the vintage promised to be exceptionally fine. Through a drifting cloud of smoke he discerned a solitary figure approaching from the direction of Dreiberg, a youthful figure, buoyant of step, and confident. Herr Hoffman was rather interested. Ordinarily the peasant who came to this gate had his hat in his hand and his feet were laggard. Not so this youth. He paused at the gate and inspected the old man highly.

"Herr Hoffman ?"

"Yes."

"I want work."

"So ? What can you do ?" He was a clean youngster, this, but there was something in his eye that vaguely disturbed the head vintner. It was like mockery more than anything else.

The youth recounted his abilities, and Hoffman was gracious enough to admit that he seemed to know what he was talking about.

"I have a letter to you also."

"Ach ! We shall be properly introduced now," said Hoffman, growling. "Let me see it."

He saw it, but with starting eyes. There was, then, something new under the sun ? A picker of grapes, recommended by a princess ! He turned the letter inside out, but found no illumination.

"Du lieber Gott ! You are Leopold Dietrich ?"

"Yes, Herr."

"How did you come by this letter ?"

"Her serene highness is patron to Gretchen, the goose-girl, at whose request the recommendation was given me."

This altered matters. "Follow me," said Hoffman.

The two entered the office.

"Can you write ?"

"A little, Herr."

"Then write your name on this piece of paper and that. Each night you will present yours with the number of pounds, which will be credited to you. You must bring it back each morning. If you lose it you will be paid nothing for your labor."

Dietrich wrote his name twice. It was rather hard work, for he screwed up his mouth and cramped his fingers. Still, Hoffman was not wholly satisfied with his eyes.

"Gottlieb," he said to one of the men, "take him to terrace ninety-eight. That hasn't been touched yet. We'll see what sort of workman he is." He spoke to Dietrich again. "What is Gretchen to you?" For Hoffman knew Gretchen; many a time she had filled her basket and drawn her crowns.

"She is my sweetheart, Herr." And there was no mockery in the youth's eyes as he said this.

"Take him along, Gottlieb. You will have no further use for this letter from her highness, so I'll keep it and frame it and hang it in the office." Which showed that Hoffman himself had had lessons in the gentle art of mockery.

Terrace ninety-eight was given over to small grapes; thus, many bunches had to be picked to fill the basket. But Dietrich went to work with a will. His fingers were deft and his knife was sharp; and by midsun he had turned his sixth basket, which was fair work, considering.

As Hoffman did not feed his employes, Dietrich was obliged to beg from his co-workers. Very willingly they shared with him their coarse bread and onions. He ate the bread and stuffed the onions in his pocket. There was no idling. As soon as the frugal meal was over, the peasants trooped away to their respective terraces. Once more the youth was alone. He set down his basket and laughed. Was there ever such a fine world? Had there ever been a more likable adventure? The very danger of it was the spice which gave it flavor. He stretched out his arms as if to embrace this world which appeared so rosal, so joyous to his imagination.

"Thanks, thanks! You have given me youth, and I accept it," he said aloud, perhaps addressing that mutable goddess who presides over all follies. "Regret it in my old age? Not I! I shall have lived for one short month. Youth was given to us to enjoy, and I propose to press the grape to the final drop. And when I grow old this adventure shall be the tonic to wipe out many wrinkles of care. A mad fling, a brimming cup, one short merry month—and then, the reckoning! How I hate the thought!"

He sobered; the laughter went out of his eyes and face. Changeful twenty, where so many paths reach out into the great world, paths straight and narrow, of devious turnings which end at precipices, of blind alleys which lead nowhere and close in behind!

"I love her, I love her!" His face grew bright again, and the wooing blood ran tingling in his veins. "Am I a thief, a scoundrelly thief, because I have that right common to all men, to love one woman? Some day I shall suffer for this; some day my heart shall ache; so be it!"

The sun began the downward circle; the shadows crept eastward and imperceptibly grew longer; a gray tone settled under the stones at his feet. Sometimes he sang, sometimes he stood dreaming. His fingers were growing sore and sticky and there was a twinge in his back as he shouldered his eighth basket and scrambled down to the man who weighed the pick. He was beginning his ninth when he saw Gretchen coming along the purple aisle. She waved a hand in welcome, and he sheathed his knife. No more work this day for him. He waited.

"What a beautiful day!" said Gretchen, with a happy laugh.

"Aye, what day for love!"

"And work!"

"Kiss me!"

"When you fill that basket."

"Not before?"

"Not even a little one," mischief in her glance.

Out came the knife and the vintner plied himself furiously. Gretchen had a knife of her own, and she joined him. They laughed gaily. Snip, snip; bunch by bunch the contents of the basket grew.

"There!" he said at last. "That's what I call work; but it is worth it. Now!"

Gretchen saw that it would be futile to hold him off longer; what she would not give he would of a surety take. So she put her hands behind her back, closed her eyes, and raised her chin. He kissed not only the lovely mouth, but the eyes and cheeks and hair.

"Gretchen, you are as good and beautiful as an angel."

"What are angels like?"

"An angel is the most beautiful woman a poet can describe or imagine."

"Then there are no men angels?"

"Only Gabriel; at least I never heard of any other."

"Then I do not want to be an angel. I had rather be what I am. Besides, angels do not have tempers; they do not long for things they should not have; they have no sweethearts." She caught him roughly by the arms. "Ah, if anything should happen to you, I should die! It seems as though I had a hundred hearts and that they had all melted into one for love of you. Do men love as women love? Is it everything and all things, or only an accident? I would give up my soul to you if you asked for it."

"I ask only for your love, Gretchen; only that." And he pressed her hands. "All men are rogues, more or less. There are so many currents and eddies entering into a man's life. It is made up of a thousand variant interests. No, man's love is never like a woman's. But remember this, Gretchen, I loved you the best I knew how, as a man loves but once, honorably as it was possible, purely and dearly."

The shade of trouble crossed her face.

"Why are you always talking like that? Do I not know that you love me? Have I not my dowry, and are we not to be married after the vintage?"

"But your singing?"

"Singing? Why, my voice belongs to you; for your sake I wish to be great, for no other reason."

He ripped a bunch of grapes from the vine, a thing no careful vintner should do, and held it toward her.

"Have you ever heard of the kissing cherries?" he asked.

She shook her head. He explained. "This bunch will do very well."

He took one grape at the bottom in his teeth. Gingerly Gretchen did the same. Their lips met in a smothered laughter. Then they tried it again.

And this Watteau picture met the gaze of two persons on the terrace below. The empurpling face of one threatened an explosion, but the smiling face of the other restrained this vocal thunder. The old head vinter kicked a stone savagely, and at this rattling noise Gretchen and her lover turned. They beheld the steward, and peering over his shoulder the amused countenance of the Princess Hildegarde.

"You—" began the steward, no longer able to contain himself.

"Patience, Hoffman!" warned her highness. Then she laughed blithely. It was such a charming picture, and never had she seen a handsomer pair of bucolic lovers. A sudden pang drove the merriment from her face. Ah, but she envied Gretchen! For the peasant there was freedom, there was the chosen mate; but for the princess—

"Your hat, scoundrel!" cried Hoffman.

The vinter snatched off his hat apologetically and swung it round on the tips of his fingers.

"Is this the way you work?"

"I have picked nine baskets."

"You should have picked 12."

It interested her highness to note that this handsome young fellow was not afraid of the head vinter. So this was gretchen's lover? He was really handsome; there was nothing coarse about his features or figure. And presently she realized that he was returning her scrutiny with interest. He had never seen her highness before and he now saw that Gretchen was more beautiful only because he saw her through the eyes of a lover.

The pause was broken by Gretchen.

"Pardon, highness!"

"For what, Gretchen?"

"For not having seen your approach."

"That was my fault, not yours. When is the wedding?"

"After vintage, Highness."

Her highness then spoke to the bridegroom-elect. "You will be good to her?"

"Who could help it, your Highness?"

The pronoun struck her oddly, for peasants as a usual thing never used it in addressing the nobility.

"Well, on the day of the wedding I will stand sponsor for you both. And good luck go with you. Come, Hoffman, my horse will be restive and my men impatient."

She passed down the aisle, and the head vinter followed, wagging his head. He was not at all satisfied with that tableau. He employed men to work; he wanted no love affairs inside his vineyards. As for her highness, she had come for the sole purpose of seeing Gretchen's lover; and it occurred to her that the really desirable men were unincumbered by titles.

"He will discharge me," said the young vinter, gloomily.

"He will not dare," returned Gretchen. "We have done nothing wrong. Her highness will stand by us. It must be five o'clock," looking at the sun.

"In that case, no more work for the day."

He swung his basket to his shoulder, and the sun, flashing upon its contents, turned the bloomy globes into dull rubies. He presented his card at the office and was duly credited with three crowns, which, according to Gretchen, was a fine day's work. Hoffman said nothing about dismissal.

"Come day after tomorrow; tomorrow is a feast day. You are always having feast days when work begins. All summer long you loaf about, but the minute you start to work you must find excuses to lay off. Clear out, both of you!"

"Work at last," said Dietrich, as he and Gretchen started for the city. "If I can get a position in the brewery for the winter I shall be rich."

"Oh, the beautiful world!"

"Do you recall the first day I met you?" he asked.

"Yes. A little more and that dog would have killed the big gander. What little things bring about big ones! When I walked into the city that day, had any one told me that I should fall in love, I should have laughed."

"And I!"

Arm in arm they went on. Sometimes Gretchen sang; often he put her hand to his lips. By and by they came abreast of an old gipsy. He wore a coat of Joseph's, and his face was lined as a frost-bitten apple. But his eyes were keen and undimmed, and he walked confidently and erect, like a man who has always lived in the open.

"Will you tell me how to find the Adlergasse?" he asked in broken German. His accent was that of a Magyar. He had a smattering of a dozen tongues at his command, for in his time he had crossed and recrossed the Danube, the Rhine and the Rhone.

They carelessly gave him specific directions and he passed on. He followed grimly, like fate, whose agent he was, though long delayed. When he had reached the Adlergasse he looked for a sign. He came to a stop in front of the dingy shop of the clock-mender. He went inside and the ancient clock-mender looked up from his work, for he was always working.

He rose wearily and asked what he could do for his customer. His eyes were bothering him, so the fact that the man was a gipsy did not at first impress him.

The gipsy smiled mysteriously and laid a hand on his heart.

"Who are you?" sharply demanded the clock-mender.

"Who I am does not matter. I am he whom you seek."

"God in heaven!" The bony hands shot out and clutched the other's coat in a grip which shook, so intense was it.

The gipsy released himself slowly. But first show me your pretty crowns and the paper which will give me immunity from the police. I know something about you. You never break your word. That is why I came. Your crowns, as you offered, and immunity; then I speak."

"Man, I can give you the crowns, but God knows I have no longer the power to give you immunity."

"So?"

The gipsy shouldered his bundle.

"For God's sake, wait!" begged the clock-mender.

But the gipsy walked out, unheeding.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A White Star.

Two days later, in the afternoon.

"Grumbach," said Carmichael, "what the deuce were you looking at the other night, with those opera glasses?"

"At the ball?" Grumbach pressed down the ash in his pipe and brushed his thumb on his sleeve. "I was looking into the past."

"With a pair of opera glasses?"

"Yes." Grumbach was perfectly serious.

"Oh, pshaw ! You were following her highness with them. I want to know why."

"She is beautiful."

"You made a promise to me not long ago."

"I did?" non-committally.

"Yes. Soon I shall be shaking the dust of Dreiberg, and I want to know beforehand what this Chinese puzzle is. What did you do that compelled your flight from Ehrenstein?"

Grumbach's pipe hung pendulent in his hand. He swung it to and fro absently.

"I am waiting. Remember, you are an American citizen, for all that you were born here. If anything should happen to you, I must know the whole story in order to help you. You know that you must trust me."

"It isn't that, Captain. I have grown to like you in these few days."

"What has that to do with it?" impatiently.

"Nothing, perhaps. Only, if I tell you, you will not be my friend."

"Nonsense! What you did 16 years ago doesn't matter now. It is enough for me that you fought in my regiment, and that you were a brave soldier."

"Those opera glasses; it was an idea. Well, since you will know. I was a gardener's boy. I worked under my brother Herman. I used to ask the nurse, who had charge of her serene highness, where she would go each day. Then I'd cut flowers and meet them on the road somewhere and give the bouquet to the c..ild. There was never any escort; a footman and a driver. The little one was always greatly pleased, and she would call me Hans. I was in love those days." Grumbach laughed with bitterness. "Yes, even I. Her name was Tekla, and she was a jade. I wanted to run away, but I had no money. I had already secured a passport; no matter how. It was the first affair, and I was desperately hurt. One day a gypsy came to me. I shall always know him by the yellow spot in one of his black eyes. I was given a thousand crowns to tell him which road her highness was to be driven over the next day. As I said, I was mad with love. Why a gypsy should want to know where her highness was going to ride was of no consequence to me. I told him. I was to get the money the same night. It was thus that her highness was stolen; it was thus that I became accessory before the fact, as the lawyers say. Flight with a band of Magyar gypsies; weary days in the mountains, with detachments of troops scouring the whole duchy. Finally I escaped. A fortune was offered for the return of the child. At the time I believed that it was an abduction for ransom. But no one ever came forward for the reward. There was a price on my head when it was known that I had fled." Grumbach stared into his pipe without seeing anything.

"And no one ever came for the reward? That is strange. Was immunity promised?" asked Carmichael.

"It was inferred, but not literally promised."

"Fear kept them away."

"Perhaps. And there is Arnsberg."

"Was he guilty?"

"I never saw his hand anywhere."

"So this is the story ! Well, when a man's in love he is, more or less, in the clutch of temporary insanity." Carmichael's tone wasn't exactly cheery.

"Insanity ! Then you do not judge me harshly?"

"No, Hans. I've a wild streak in me, also. But what I can't understand is why you return and put your head in the lion's mouth. The police will stumble on something. I tell you frankly that if you are arrested I could do little or nothing for you. The United States protects only harmless political outcasts. Yours is a crime such as nullifies your citizenship, and any government would be compelled, according to the terms of treaty, to send you back here, if the demand was made for your extradition."

"I know all that," Grumbach replied, dumping the ash into his palm and casting it into the paper basket.

"I suppose that when conscience drives we must go on. But the princess has ben found. The best thing you can do is to put your passport into immediate use and return to the states. You can do no good here."

"Maybe." Grumbach refilled his pipe, lighted it, and without saying more went out and down into the street.

Carmichael watched him through the window. Cloud after cloud of smoke fan wavering behind the exile. He was smoking like one deeply perturbed.

"He's a queer codger, and it's a queer story. I don't believe I have heard it all, either. What was he really hunting for with those glasses? I give it up?"

He was not angry with Grumbach; rather he seemed to be drawn to him more closely than ever. Mad with love. That was the phrase. He conned it over and over; mad with love. That excused many things. How strangely the chessmen were moved ! Had Grumbach not assisted in the abduction, her highness would in all probability have grown up as other princesses, artificial, cold, reserved, seldom touched by the fires of animated thought or action. In fact, had things been otherwise, he never would have ridden with her highness in the freshness of the morning—or fallen in love with her. By rights he ought to curse Grumbach; but for him he would still be captain of his heart. Mad with love! There was no doubt of it. And the phrase rang in his ear for some time.

Grumbach was indeed perturbed, and this sensation was the result of what he had not told his friend. Gott! What was going on? He hadn't the least idea where his footsteps were leading him. He went on, his teeth set strongly on the horn mouthpiece of his pipe, his hands jammed in his pockets. And after a time woke. He was in the Adlergasse. And of all that happy, noisy family, only he and Herman left ! In one of the open doorways, for it was warm, a final caress of vanishing summer, he saw a fat, youngish woman knitting hose. Two or three children sprawled about her knees. There was that petulance of lip and forehead which marked the dissatisfaction of the coquette married.

"Tekla !" Grumbach murmured.

He was not conscious that he had paused, but the woman was. She eyed him with the mild indifference of the bovine. Then she dropped her glance and the shining needles clicked afresh. Grumbach forced his step onward. And for this ! He laughed discordantly. The woman looked up again wonderingly. Now, why should this stranger laugh all by himself like that?

Hans saw the sign of the Black Eagle, and directed his steps thitherward. He sat down and ordered a beer, drinking it quickly. He repeated the order, but did not touch the second glass. He threw back the lid and stared at the creamy froth as a seer stares at his ball of crystal. Carmichael was right; he was a doddering fool. What was done was done, and a thousand consciences would not right it. And what right had conscience to drag him back to Ehrenstein, where he had known the bitterest and happiest moments of his life? And yet, rail as he might at this invisible restraint called conscience, he saw God's direction in this return. Only he, Hans Grumbach, knew, and one other. And that other, who?

Fat, Tekla was fat, and he had treasured the fair picture of her youth these long years ! Well, there was an end to that. Little fat Tekla, to have nearly overturned a duchy, and never a bit the wiser ! And then Hans became aware of voices close at hand, for he sat near the bar.

"Yes, Frau, he is at work in the grand duke's vineyards. And think, the first day he picked nine baskets."

"That is good. But I know many a one who can pick 12. And you are to be married when the vintage is done? You will make a ne wife, Gretchen."

"And he a fine husband."

"And you will bring him a dowry, too. But his own people; what does he say of them?"

"He has no parents; only an uncle, who doesn't count. We shall live with grandmother and pay her rent."

"And you are wearing a new dress," admiringly.

Gretchen preened herself. Hans dropped the lid of his stein and pushed it away. His heart always warmed at the sight of this goose-girl. So she had a dowry and was going to be married? He felt of his wallet, and a kindly thought came into being. He counted down the small change for the beer, slid back his chair and sauntered to the bar. Gretchen recognized him, and the recognition brought a smile to her face.

"Good day to you, Herr," was her greeting.

"When is the wedding?"

Gretchen blushed.

"I should like to come to it."

"You will be welcome, Herr."

"And may I bring along a little present?"

"If it so please you. I must be going," she added to Frau Bauer.

"May I walk along with you?" asked Hans.

"If you wish," diffidently.

So Grumbach walked with her to the Krumerweg, and he asked her many questions, and some of her answers surprised him.

"Never knew father or mother?"

"No, Herr. I am only a foundling who fell into kind hands. This is where I live."

"And if I should ask to come in?"

"But I shall be too busy to talk. This is bread day," evasively.

"I promise to sit very quiet in a chair."

Her laughter rippled; she was always close to that expression. "You are a funny man. Come in, then; but mind, you will be dusty with flour when you leave."

"I will undertake that risk," he replied, with a seriousness not in tune with the comedy of the situation.

To be Continued.

CHANGE

Quit Coffee and Got Well.

A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I have been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been cured by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum in place of coffee.

"I made the change from coffee to Postum and such a change there is in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift from coffee to Postum I got better and now all of my troubles are gone. I am fleshy my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The difference

remember this—

it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. *Cascarets* strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through *Cascarets* can you get it quickly and naturally. 550

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

THE FARMSTEAD

HABITS OF A DAIRY COW FIXED EARLY IN LIFE

By N. A. Clapp.

A short time ago I wrote an article for the Farm Magazine on "The Essentials of a Good Dairy Cow," and near the close mentioned the fact that the habits of the system and of the cow in general were sufficient for a separate article. At this time it is my aim to take up the subject right where I left it at that time and speak of some of the factors that have made the modern dairy cow the great machine that she is, that can take the grasses, grains, vegetables and all classes of forage and from them and the liquids she needs for drink turn out the large quantities of milk from which we make our marketable dairy products.

As much as we praise the old cow and laud her capabilities there is a factor behind her that is responsible in a great degree for the many and great advances made that distinguish the profitable dairy cow of today from her remote ancestors that produced only milk sufficient to sustain a calf until it could gather feed enough to live independently of the mother.

The habits of a cow's system and the cow herself are the result of the persistent guidance of the cow under the intelligent management of thoughtful, observing, reasoning man. In fundamentals the dairy cow of today is like her remote ancestors, but as a productive, profitable animal she has so many acquired traits that she is approaching an artificial animal that separately and by herself is a prodigy of the bovine species.

The cow's physical and physiological habits are nurtured and guided very early in life. As hinted in the former article, some of the systems that make up the whole body are cultivated or strengthened, while others are held in subjection. The bony system must not be in the lead or the cow is spoile.. The muscular system, while important, the development of the same must be guarded and guided so as to only fulfill the mission of a milk-producing animal. The lymphatic system must be controlled so that it and the nervous system will perform their physiological duties in separating the fatty substances from the chyle, or nutritive food elements, and at the same time let them return to the circulation to go out in the lacteal fluids, instead of storing the fat between the fibres of the muscles and other storage points where nature has previously and unmolestedly stored them.

At this point we are ready to proceed with the calf. If it is allowed to run with the mother and eat whole milk it will begin to store up the fat of the milk between the fibres of the muscles, or, in other words, become a fat calf. If allowed to proceed in that manner the habits of the system are being fixed toward making a meat animal, which is not what is wanted in the dairy cow. In order to guide the system in this matter the calf is raised by hand, a part of the fat that the milk contains is taken away by feeding part skim milk and it is gradually weaned onto skim milk. After the calf is dependent on skim milk only as much fat-producing feed, like oilmeal, is allowed as is needed to dubricate the joints and all other parts of the system. Of course the calf's system will make some fat that is needed to keep up the heat and energy of the system from the carbohydrates in the feeds, grains, grasses and forage that it will consume.

Then I think it can be plainly seen that the feed for the growing calf up to time that it is bred should be largely nitrogenous, or such feeds as will promote the harmonious growth of the animal, not as a rotund beauty such as is seen among the meat breeds, but produce size with the angularity that goes with the dairy breed. The feed must be bulky to develop a large stomach, an organ that must be capable of storing the material that is to be worked up to sustain the cow and enable her system to secrete the lacteal fluid from what she gets from her food.

The dairy heifer should freshen young for several reasons. The habits of milk producing must be fixed before the making of the cow is completed. The energies of the system must be bent toward producing milk before the habit of building a frame is fully fixed. With the small breeds at or soon after the heifer has passed two years of age is a good time to have them first freshen. With the large breeds that mature slower around 2½ years is a good period to have the heifers freshen.

Breeding the heifers at the right time will be of little avail if the management is not such as will develop the milking habit. The feed must be such as will sustain the cow and enable her to yield all the milk that her system can make. Here is a point that should not be overlooked. The heifer or cow should be in good condition before freshening in order that there need not be a double strain on her digestive and assimilative systems to keep up the bodily conditions and at the same time produce milk. If the milk-producing functions can be directed in their channels unrestricted the possibilities of large productions will be greatly enhanced.

A PICTURE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL FACTORY IN THE WORLD.

It is not natural for a cow to give an average of over 75 pounds of milk and nearly three and a half pounds of butter a day, but such is the record of the Holstein cow Colantha 4th's Johanna. It is through the application of breeding principles learned by man that this condition has been brought about.

At this point the necessity for feeding succulent food must be very apparent. Grass, silage, soiling crops or roots and balanced grain feeds, according to the season of the year, are the articles on which the cow feeder can depend for a class of feed that will enable the cow to yield heavily. Dry feed will not and cannot do as well. The feed must be such as can be easily digested and the nourishment taken from it without a heavy draft on the energies of the system during the operation.

The habits of productiveness cannot be well fixed without regular feeding, and in such quantities as the system can utilize it. This brings me to a chapter on the art of feeding that must be deferred until some future time. But regularity in feeding is too often underestimated. As soon as the mill runs empty more feed should be put in the hopper. The cow's system should not be called upon to yield up some of the stored-up material in order to keep up the business of milk making, for that would be an interruption of the general processes of the system and certain penalties in diminishing milk production are sure to follow.

The other habit of milking regularly should follow that of feeding regularly. It is a fact that many do not seem to comprehend that the milk should be taken at regular intervals. I have in mind a case where the man on whom devolved the duty of milking at regular intervals during an official test oversient and deferred the milking one hour, and the interruption broke up the regular flow of milk during the three succeeding days and caused the amount of butter fat to waver. One should keep in mind the fact that the well-develo.. dairy cow is an extremely sensitive animal.

In a very great measure the man who handles the cow has under his control the length of the period of lactation. If for any reason during the first period the heifer goes dry early there is a start toward a short-period cow. If on the second year the period is shortened the habit is fixed and cannot be overcome afterward; she will be a short-period cow, no matter what effort is made to keep her to her milk.

NEW BREED OF SHEEP ENDS THE LAMB PROBLEM

Real spring lamb—not mutton—for the Christmas season will be a possibility if the agricultural department has good luck with experiments now being made. It has a new breed of sheep out at the experiment station at Bethseda and they look less like sheep than they do like most anything else. There was a goat breeder out at the station and he said: "What new breed of goats is that you've got down the hill? It's a new one on me."

That is about the sort of looking sheep they are. They come originally from the west coast of Africa, but this particular herd came from Barbadoes. They are red as a bright bay horse, with black underneath and black legs and feet. They are shaped distinctly like a goat and they have no fleece, but are provided with short laying red hair.

Sheep Will Eat Anything.

In spite of coming from such a hot climate, they stand the winter here very well. Like a goat, they will eat anything. They will clear out underbrush better than a man with a grubbing hoe, but they have the disadvantage that when the undergrowth is gone they will girdle big trees. The virtue of the strange sheep is that they are extremely prolific. They have three young at a birth, sometimes four and occasionally five. The great trouble is that many of the young die because, it is thought, the mother does not have milk enough to go around, not being an ambulatory dairy.

Of course such thin flanked animals do not raise satisfactory legs of mutton, but it is thought that this can be corrected. The sheep mature very early, and some of them are being crossed with Shropshire to see whether a strain cannot be developed that will have the fecundity and the early maturing qualities of the original sheep and at the same time will give a good marketable leg of lamb. It is in this way that the department hopes to produce spring lamb in time for Christmas.

Breed Wool on Them.

Some experiments have already been made in breeding wool onto the goat-like sheep. Some of them have been crossed with merino, and the result is what looks like a felt covered sheep. About half the coat is wool and half is hair.

ASH OF FOOD.

The ash materials present in food are the same as those found in the animal body; all that is accomplished by the animal is to select from the digested ash constituents those of which it is in want.

AGENTS—$1.33 Per Hour

Comer made it, so can you. Swain says, "Best thing I ever struck." Easy money maker. High School boy sold 38 boxes in 2 days—profit $12.80. Agents get big repeat orders—build up steady business. Everybody wears hosiery. Guaranteed for 4 months against holes in heels and toes. Send right back to us if not perfectly satisfactory. J. R. Valentine sold 600 pairs in 50 hours —you can do as well—yes—better. Worn goods replaced free—no experience needed—we teach you everything. Here's your one big chance—don't lose it—write today. Free samples.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 2078 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

Along Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., as low as $10.00 per acre. Send for illustrated booklet, "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA," it describes the mild climate, all-year farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising, nearby Eastern markets, schools, etc., and why land is new so cheap. Low twice-a-month excursion rates. C. B. WALL, REAL ESTATE AGT., C. & O. RY., Box F Richmond, Va.

CHEAP SILO IN BARNS

An inexpensive silo can be built of stock boards, flooring or other lumber. Where a man has a barn and wants to put a silo in one corner it may be well to build it square. The greatest care should be taken to remove all the silage from the corners of the silo. All exposed to air will rot. To build such a silo take 2 by 10 inch planks, lay them down in square shape like a door frame, letting the corners lap, and spike them together well at the corners; then take some plank two feet long and spike at the corners so as to make the corners four inches thick. Then saw pieces to bind across the corners. These pieces should be three feet long. Spike well. You have now got the frame of the silo finished. These frames are to take the place of hoops on the round silo. To start to build, pile on top of each other all of these frames just where the silo is to be built, then take lumber (flooring, stock boards or shiplap will be good), go inside of the frame, stand the boards at each corner and nail the bottom of the boards to the sill or to the bottom frame; then raise the top frame to the upper ends of standing boards and nail. If you want a silo deeper than one length of lumber, let the first course of lumber reach to the center of the top 2 by 10-inch frame; the other course will then have room for nailing. Now raise the next frame up within four feet of the upper one and continue to do... down three and one-half feet, three fe... and two and one-half feet, and the la... frames two feet apart. Now board ... inside, after which, if stock lumber h... been used, put on a heavy grade ... tarred paper, then break the joints a... put on another layer of lumber. ... flooring is used one thickness w... answer. These silos are cheap, goo... and lasting, and, being in a barn, r... quire no roof.

NO WASTE SPACE HERE.

A barn built after the above construction contains the minimum of wasted space usually taken up by rafters and supports in ordinary barns.

Silos, like everything else, cost ... much as we may feel like spending ... them. One man is satisfied with a ... costing $500 while his neighbor ... spend three times as much on the ... sized building.

WHY FARMERS SHOULD ORGANIZE

Farmers should organize because their interests are so near identical.

Farmers have interests which should be protected; this can best be done in an organized way.

Organization presents the best methods of business dealing; the farmers should have the best, the grange affords that.

Organization not only demands attention, but commands it as well.

Organization of capital and labor has made it imposible for the farmers to obtain greatest results in an unorganized way.

Organization demands organized competition.

Organization is necessary to progress, so farmers have a progressive organization.

Organization insures development; it is a step forward for the farmer.

Organization brings industries together to devise ways and means to better their conditions; why will not the same association benefit the farmer?

By organization man has been able to ascend the scale of civilization, so by organization will be able to ascend to a still higher plane of progress and prosperity. Farmers are men; agriculture, by God s'will, is the greatest calling of man; protect it, then, by organization.

Organization of interests insures respect, influence, recognition and power; the farmer needs these things that he may be able to receive a square deal.

By organization is a compact, conservative body the farmers ca nsecure wise and equitable legislation, and be assured that the interests of agriculture is fairly represented where lawmakers meet.

The farmers in every community should have a permanent economic organization which recognizes the rights of all men and insures to them justice, and to the wife equal influence and dignity, and where all may meet in advancing of a common cause.

To the American farmer no organization can be more highly recommended than the grange, because it furnishes the social, educational, fraternal, co-operative and legislative features so essentially necessary in completing a well-balanced farmers' organization in whose meetings all can find something worthy of their effort.

HOW TOBACCO IS CURED.

There are many styles of houses used for tobacco, depending on the method of curing. The flue-cured tobacco is cured in a house that can be made almost air tight, with a ventilator in the top which can be closed.

The Virginia Bright Leaf is cured in this way. The White Burley is cured entirely without artificial heat, requiring from five to six weeks in its curing. Barns in which tobacco is air cured should have lateral, horizontal ventilators rather than perpendicular ones, because the tobacco is not so liable to house burn. The flue-cured tobacco requires only a few days for its curing. After tobacco has been thoroughly cured it should be stripped and sorted into different grades, and after a certain time it should be put down in bulk for fermentation. The fermentation of tobacco is an art and the process of fermentation is due to enzyms rather than to bacteria, as was once thought. These enzyms are destroyed when the temperature of tobacco is raised above 152 degrees F. Before tobacco is placed in hogsheads it should be dried out and placed in case so that it will contain about 11 per cent moisture. Fermentation takes place more readily at a high temperature than at a low temperature. The stripping, grading and sorting should be done only by an expert. The dark, heavy export tobaccos are cured in close barns by an open fire under the tobacco and require close attention during all of the stages of curing. It is possible to cure the tobacco a bright yellow or a dark mahogany by simply varying the temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere and length of time in curing.

The quality of tobacco is judged largely by the burning qualities of the leaf, the elasticity, the flavor, the quality and color of the stem and the quality and color of the veins, the general texture and thickness of the leaf, the substance and nature of the gum in the leaf, the quality of the leaf, whether course, harsh, fine or silky, and toughness and behavior when handled, color of the leaf, and breadth of leaf, and proportion of stem, and the length of leaf from point to but.

The analysis of cured tobacco will vary considerably. However, the analysis of the crude ash is not very variable. Some tobaccos contain a large amount of nicotine, such as the Perique, while other varieties contain only a small amount of nicotine, as the Sumatra wrapper.

COWS FRESH IN FALL.

"I find," says a prominent dairyman of Illinois, "that winter dairying is more profitable than summer dairying. I always try to have my dairy cows come fresh between October 1 and January 1, and feed plenty of ensilage and good clover hay, with bran, gluten or some other good protein feed. I let the cows be their own judge regarding the amount they will consume and digest to get the greatest value.

"This, I think, is the way to make them pay the greatest profit. I find that good cows, well fed and cared for, will pay a good profit every day of the winter and will do almost as well during the next summer as will those that come in fresh in the spring.

"Cows that freshen late in the fall will take their vacation in the early fall, when the pasture is usually short. As a rule, her sisters that freshen in the spring shrink considerably in the flow of milk, and then it is almost impossible to get them back to where they were before the pastures began to dry up. And even if they are brought back it is done with very expensive feeding which I find will usually consume much of the profits.

"I find that it is most profitable to keep the cows doing their best while they are fresh. No cow can be allowed to shrink in her milk for a few weeks or perhaps for a month and then be expected to catch up to her former standing and make up for lost time by higher feeding. I have learned that she will not make up for lost time; therefore it is very important that sh be kept up to the very best at all times in the flow of milk.

"Cows that come fresh in the fall will give the greatest returns when prices are usually higher than in summer, while those that freshen in the spring are just the reverse; therefore, I think it best to have them freshen in the fall."

ALFALFA FOR PIGS.

In the Illinois experiments in ... feeding alfalfa was used as a rough food primarily to furnish bulk. Pigs two months old will not eat much of it.

As they grow, however, during the next two or three months they will be able to take more, and the quantity in the rations should be increased that the appetite of the pigs is not satisfied. After four or five months of age it will be necessary to gradually decrease the alfalfa in order to make room for the gradually increasing quantity of protein and carbohydrate nutrients.

The alfalfa may be fed in the form of meal mixed with other feeds or in the slop, but this is expensive. In the summer time pigs may be allowed to eat it from the pasture. In winter the alfalfa may be chopped as fine as possible with an ordinary feed cutter and then mixed with a little meal and sufficient hot water or steam to thoroughly wet it. This will be eaten very readily if fed while the pigs are hungry. If bran is used as a roughage it may be mixed into the slop.

It is believed that the best results will be secured by feeding three times a day, except perhaps when the pigs are getting considerable green feed from pasture. In that case the noon feed may be dispensed with.

EFFECT OF RATION ON SWINE

In a recent bulletin the college of agriculture of the University of Missouri has published the results of a number of swine-feeding experiments by E. B. Forbes.

These experiments prove that corn—good corn—is a good feed for the animal and that there is no reason for withholding it from any

WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUNS.

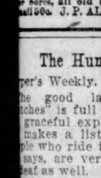
Winchester Repeating Shotguns are not only *safe* to shoot, but *sure* to shoot. They are easy to load or unload, easy to take down or put together, and strong and reliable in every way. That's why the U. S. Ordnance Board endorsed them as being safe, sure, strong and simple. Over 450,000 satisfied sportsmen are using them.

Stick to a Winchester and You Won't Get Stuck

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere W

1 Full Quart Whiskey Free

Try It At Our Expense



Note our proposition, remit us $5.45 and we will at once ship you by Express—Charges Prepaid, 8 full Quarts of our Famous 3 Star Whiskey and an additional Full Quart Free for Trial Purposes. Or remit us $2.95 and we will Express—Charges Prepaid, 4 Full Quarts of our 3 Star Whiskey and a Test Bottle Free for Trial Purposes. Also Free with each order, Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

After using the Free Bottle if you are not satisfied that you have received the Best Whiskey Value obtainable at the price, keep the Free Bottle for your trouble, pack remainder of shipment, return at our expense and we will at once cheerfully refund every cent paid us.

In case you can use a larger quantity than offered above, our price for a 5 Gallon Keg is only $12.50 Freight Charges Prepaid.

Address orders and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or

Fels Distilling Co.
154 Fels Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

OLD SORES CURED

Fels Uterine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failures. $1.00. J. P. ALLEN, Dept 108 St. Paul, Minn.

The Humor of Japan.

Leslie's Weekly.

The good lady of the "Pillow Sketches" is full of shrewd observation and graceful expression. For instance, she makes a list of detestable things. People who ride in a creaking carriage, she says, are very detestable, and must be dead as well. When you ride in such a carriage yourself, it is the owner who is detestable. Again, people who interest your stories to show off their own are detestable. All interesters, young or old, are very detestable. People who, when you are telling a story, break in with, "Oh, I know," and give quite a different version from their own, are detestable. There is even a salt in this: Very detestable is the snoring of a man whom you are trying to wake, and who has gone to sleep in a place where he has no business. And the universal voice of humanity will bear out Sei Shonagon, when he says that fleas are detestable, especially when they get under your clothing and jump about. And there is a certain satiric note in the saying of people who mumble a prayer when they sneeze are detestable with the added nota bene, loud sneezing is detestable, except in the case of the gentlemen of the house.

We see that, like the more modern author of The Mikado, the lady of the Pillow Sketches "has got a little list!" And maybe the list she puts the preacher, thus: "The preacher ought to be a good-looking man. It is then easier to keep your eyes fixed on his face, without which it is impossible to benefit by the sermon. Otherwise, your eyes wander and you forget to listen. Ugly preachers have, therefore, a great responsibility. But no more of them. Then, as an afterthought: "If preachers were of a more suitable age I should not have pleasure in giving a more favorable judgment. As matters actually stand, their sins are too fearful to think of."

THE ICE CREAM CONE

Never Displant the Ice Cream Soda, but Is Mighty Popular.

New York Sun.

The ice cream cone may never supersede or even seriously threaten the supremacy of the ice cream soda, but it is steadily and largely increasing in favor. The cone itself is made of pastry that is rolled thin, the ends pressing upon it at the same time to enhance its appearance an ornamental pattern. From this pastry pieces of suitable size are rolled up into the shape of a cone or cornucopia and then these cones are baked. The pastry is so mixed that it will bake hard to withstand pressure in molding and yet be crisply tender. Then a cone filled with the ice cream comes to the ice cream cone as it is served over the counter.

The cones are sold in quantities the cones are packed nested together, each wrapped in a sheet of waxed paper. When the person who serves you removes this wrapper he spreads it before you on the counter, and you may wonder why he does this, and you are likely to wonder, also, how he is going to fill the cone with ice cream without fracturing in all directions the brittle cone when he does so. You learn about those things in a moment.

You know that in serving ice cream the clerk uses a little bowl shaped scoop for the ice cream, a scoop that takes up with no loss of time in scooping precisely the right amount with one dig. Well, in selling ice cream cones they use a scoop that is funnel shaped with which they dig out the cone just the right amount of ice cream and no more, and having got the cone the can this funnel shaped mass of cream the clerk turns the cone's broad bottom up over your sheet of wax paper on the counter, and then, as it sets out upon it, point up, the cream, there you have on the counter a cone of cream, and now over the cone he presses down the cone proper.

The ice cream cone is round, the cream is round and so the pressure comes all around evenly and it does not fracture the brittle cone, and the cone is soft enough to hold to the slight corrugations of the pastry's ornamental surface.

Then the clerk lifts the cone with the ice cream now in it and hands it over to you, an ice cream cone for a cent, pleasing as it is to the eye and gratifying to the taste.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT

Most wonderful combination of all tools ever made. Hockey-wrench, plumbers' pliers, with 12 other tools combined. Lightning seller. Sample free for examination. PORSHEE MFG. CO., B 1358 Dayton, O.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Why Ring Is Placed on Fourth Finger of Left Hand.

London Daily Mail.

Through popular superstitions may lack reason or reasonable explanation, they must have an origin, and this has formed the basis of quite an interesting book by T. Sharper Knowlson.

The question of the wedding ring and why it should be placed on the fourth finger of the left hand he traces back to a writer in the British Apollo (1708).

"There is nothing more in this," it is stated, "than that the custom was handed down to the present age from the practice of our ancestors, who found the left hand more convenient for such ornaments than the right in that it is ever less employed; for the same reason they chose the fourth finger, which is not only less used than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched to their full length and straightness."

The old fashioned notion that a shoe should bring luck at a wedding is another superstition curious to explain.

"It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell in favor of Boaz, he 'drew off his shoe,' for 'this was a testimony in Israel.'

"In a different sense the removal of a shoe marks the winding up of negotiations among the laws and ordinances given in the book of Deuteronomy, where the widow who is refused marriage by her husband's surviving brother is directed to 'come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot,' thus asserting her independence and heaping upon him the blame for failure to comply with the law.

"When the Emperor Vladimar proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald she refused him with the words: "'I will not take off my shoes to the son of a slave.'

"In Anglo-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his authority."

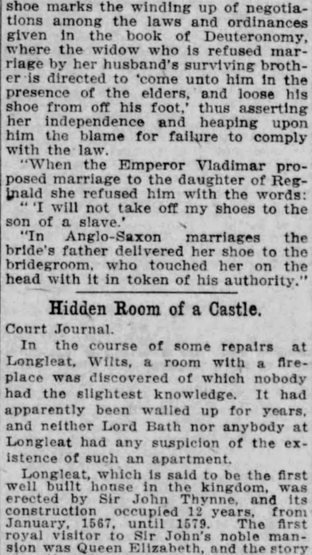
Hidden Room of a Castle.

Court Journal.

In the course of some repairs at Longleat, Wilts, a room with a fireplace was discovered of which nobody had the slightest knowledge. It had apparently been walled up for years, and neither Lord Bath nor anybody at Longleat had any suspicion of the existence of such an apartment.

Longleat, which is said to be the first well built house in the kingdom, was erected by Sir John Thynne, and its construction occupied 12 years, from January, 1567, until 1579. The first royal visitor to Sir John's noble mansion was Queen Elizabeth, and the story runs that the owner was not very anxious for his sovereign to see his home as she might ask him where he obtained the money to build so stately a house. Sir John Thynne, who was knighted after the battle of Pinkie, was the factotum of the Protector Somerset, and it is said that he built Longleat from designs prepared by his fallen master for a house of his own.

Speaks for the College Women



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

At a meeting in aid of Belford derland House, in London, which College for Women, held at Sunderland House, in London, which was lent for the occasion by the Duchess of Marlborough, the duchess, in the course of a speech, spoke of the splendid type of college-bred women which America produces. Men, she said, had not found that college-bred girls made less devoted wives and mothers than others. If women were tactful enough not always to worst their husbands in argument and to keep any superabundance of knowledge up their sleeves, there seemed to be little opposition on the husband's part to his wife being well educated. It was difficult to comprehend, she said, why there should be such a deep-rooted objection on the part of Englishmen to the higher education of their wives. There must be some secret feeling that, hard as they found it to understand woman now, it would be absolutely beyond their ken were she highly educated. There were, the duchess continued, enormous possibilities open to intellectual and highly trained women in America and there would be in time just as good opportunities for women in Canada and other over-sea dominions — perhaps even in England, one never could tell. It was certainly not a fact to be proud of, that England, for want of funds, could not provide the training ground required to prepare its young women to enter useful and successful careers.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WORK OF CONGRESS

Please enumerate some of the more important laws passed during the recent session of congress—J. L. C., Wentworth, S. D.

Chief among the laws recently passed by the last congress was the revision of the railroad regulations, which includes the establishment of a court of commerce. Other measures were the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states, the establishment of postal savings banks, and power was given the President to withdraw public land from entry. A bill was also passed providing for the publishing of the list of campaign contributions, but they are to be recorded only after the election and not in the course of the campaign, when their publication would be most useful to the voter. Appropriation was also made for a tariff board whose duty it is to gather such statistics as are necessary to congress when that body is revising the tariff. Many commissions have been named to study means by which economies could be made in the conduct of public business. Among the other acts were the providing of a new tariff system for the Philippines, the establishment of a bureau of mines, laws against the white slave traffic, and the regulation of the liquor traffic in the Hawaiian Islands, looking toward ultimate prohibition.

BIG CALIFORNIA TREES

Will the Question Bureau please give a description of the large trees of California?—R. F., Ingalls, Mich.

The big trees of California belong to the genus sequoia, or redwood. Some California miners, while out prospecting, came upon what is now known as the Calaveras grove. The Mariposa and Fresno groves were discovered afterward, and later Prof. William H. Brewer made known the existence of extensive forests of the same tree along the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada. The three groves mentioned, however, contain the largest specimens. Thirty feet is not an unusual diameter, and some have measured 33 and 36 feet, with the stumps of even greater diameter, and a height of 275 to 450 feet. These trees grow very rapidly when young, but after they have reached their maturity, which is in something over 1,000 years, they make but little growth.

INVENTION OF THRESHING MACHINE

Please tell about the invention of the first threshing machine.—G. J. R., Hamilton, O.

The first threshing machine which was successfully operated was invented by Andrew Meikle, in Scotland, for which he obtained a patent in 1788. A fanning mill was added in 1800, and it then became a complete separator, but it was very imperfect and was stationary. The grain had to be brought to it, as it was run by water power. Threshers without separating devices were used in this country as early as 1825. To Hiram A. and John A. Pitts belong the honor of producing the first practical combination of threshing and cleaning or separating devices, all in one machine, and that portable. In 1834 they made the combination and successfully operated it.

URTICARIA—HIVES

Please tell me about hives, especially the cause.—E. F. R., Willshire, O.

Urticaria—called hives and nettle rash—frequently follows upon gastric disturbances caused by eating certain fruits. In treatment it is necessary to evacuate the bowels and regulate the diet so as to restore the normal digestive condition, and cold cream and glycerine are useful locally. Salt water baths are recommended for relief of the itching.

COUNT TOLSTOI

Please give a history of the life of Tolstoi.—F. F., Bowers, Del.

Count Lyof Tolstoi was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, Russia, where he still lives. His early life was that of all young Russian nobles. In 1851 he went into the army and served in the Caucusus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He retired from active service and gave himself up to literary work in St. Petersburg, where his success was most brilliant; but when the serfs were set free, he retired to his estates and took his part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them personally, and through books which he wrote for them.

His real life dates from his association with the peasantry, and his efforts to make himself one with them. He permitted his family to keep and benefit by his wealth, but he himself lived and now lives with the simplicity that is akin to poverty. His writings all have one object—the good of humanity—and his philosophy is the doctrine of the gospels, chiefly as it is found in the words of Jesus. For his radical views he has been excommunicated by the Russian church. He has been a prolific writer, having produced many volumes of essays, fiction and other works. His widest known novels are The Kreutzer Sonata, Anna Karenina and The Resurrection. The last is the most recent novel from his pen.

TO REMOVE MOLES

Please print in these columns a method for removing moles from the face.—J. F. S., Mt. Pleasant, O.

To remove moles croton oil under the form of pomade or ointment, and potassio-tartarte of antimony (tartar emetic), under the form of paste or plaster, have each been successfully employed. An eminent physician adopted the following mode for the use of the latter: Take tartar emetic in impalpable powder, 15 grains; soap plaster, one drachm, and beat them to a paste. Apply this paste to nearly a line in thickness and no more. Then cover the whole with strips of gummed paper. In four or five days eruption or suppuration will set in, and, in a few days after, leave, in place of the mole or birth mark only a very slight scar. Croton oil ointment effects the same, but less completely unless repeated, by producing a pustular eruption, which, however, does not permanently mark the skin.

BOOK OF THOTH.

What is Thoth, and please give the meaning of the Book of Thoth of the Bohemian Egyptians?—J. L. S., Everest, Kan.

Thoth, Tauut or Dhoute was an Egyptian moon-god, identified by the Greeks with their own god Hermes as the patron of literature and the scribe of the gods. In early Christian times it was customary to ascribe a certain type of magical and guostic writings to Hermes (Trismegistus), who lost his divine personality more and more, and came to be regarded as a great magician. Mahetho attributes to this god no less than 36,525 works, and Jamblichus, who speaks of but 20,000, claims to have seen himself 12,000 of his writings. The explanation of this prodigious fecundity is very simple. i. e., all the scientific and religious encyclopediae of the Egyptians of which Clemens Alexandrinus has left us in his Stromates, a kind of abridged catalogue, was attributed to this divine author. Very few fragments, however, have come down to us. These are 18 or 20 Greek fragments of the famous Poemander, of which Lactantius and Augustine speak with admiration; a Latin translation of "Definitions of Asclepius," which have sometimes been ascribed to Apulelus, and here and there citations made by the fathers of the church in their polemical writings against the defenders of polytheism. They were collected and translated into Latin by Marcilio Ficino in 1471, and published in 1554. A partial collection of Hermetic writings was translated into French by Meinard in 1866. The so-called "Book of Thoth" of the gypsies is a deck of 78 cards, by means of which these wanderers claim to read the future.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Please give an account of the battle of Agincourt.—J. B., Gravity, Ia.

A battle was fought near the village of Agincourt, France, in October, 1415. Henry V, the king of England, eager to conquer France, landed at Harfleur, took the place by storm, and wished to march through Picardy, to Calais, in order to fix his winter quarters in its neighborhood. With a powerful force the dauphin advanced against him. Henry retreated to the Somme. The French followed, but the English, being destitute of everything and reduced by sickness, Henry asked for peace on disadvantageous terms. The French refused and succeeded in throwing themselves between the English and Calais. The English force consisted of 2,000 men-at-arms and 12,000 archers, and were arranged in order of battle between two hills, with the archers on the wings. Stakes, of which every man carried one, were fixed in front of them. The French, commanded by Constable d'Albret, numbered 50,000 troops, of whom 8,000 were men-at-arms; but other estimates make the French force still greater. They arranged themselves in two divisions, the men-at-arms being in front. The English began the fight and the French horse hastened to meet them, but were received by such a shower of arrows by the archers that they fell back on the first division and threw it into confusion. The English archers then seized their clubs and battleaxes and broke through the ranks of the French knights, who could hardly move on account of their heavy coats of mail and the closeness of their array. The English cavalry rushed to assist the archers; the first French division retreated; the second could not restrain the charge of the victors; and the whole French army was entirely routed. More than 14,000 French were taken prisoners and 10,000 killed. Only 1,600 Englishmen were killed.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

Will you please tell how the United States acquired its island possession in the Samoan islands?—G. M., Crump, Va.

German, British and American subjects gained quite important commercial interests and a good deal of property in the Samoan islands, while the natives were independent. These foreign residents naturally became involved in native tribal wars and feuds between rival chieftains. They called on the governments of their respective countries for support and protection, when they needed help in their schemes, and ultimately Germany, the United States and Great Britain virtually ruled the Samoan islands together, through their consuls. The division of authority was not satisfactory, and caused much friction. Germany, having the largest interests in the islands, finally made an agreement with England and the United States whereby Great Britain retired Manufaner and Tutuila became an American island. Germany took the rest of the group.

THE SALTON SEA

I would like to have you again publish a history of the Salton sea in the Question Bureau.—G. B., Parrott, Ga.

The Salton sea, or Salton sink, is a body of highly saline water in what has been until recently, San Diego county, now Imperial county, California. This county is adjacent to the Mexican border, lying immediately west of the Colorado river. A great, if not a greater part, of the county is below sea level, and the Salton sea consists of the waste or seepage water which has found its way to the lowest depression of the desert lands. The sea is 205 feet below sea level.

A cut was made in the bank of the Colorado river in 1904, so that some of the water could flow down to the Alamo channel, thus furnishing the farmers on the route with necessary water for irrigation. But when the river rose the next time all the water flowed down the Alamo channel, as it was a easier course than the former, in the spring of 1905 the whole river was flowing through this new channel. It spread over the low ground, forming various small channels which led toward the depression filled by the Salton sea. Many agricultural lands were being destroyed by the water. The heads of the canal leading into the remaining agricultural lands and the government dam across the Colorado river were endangered. If the water continued to rise it would destroy the sources of irrigation for higher lands. The Salton sea soon rose and threatened to submerge a certain line of the Southern Pacific railroad. The only way to prevent this disaster was to close the break in the Colorado river. This break was finally closed, shutting off the supply entering Salton sea. It is believed that since this source of water is shut off the water in the sea will rapidly evaporate, though some of the seepage water still comes in from the irrigated lands. Breaks may happen at any time, which will endanger the farming land.

PINDAR THE POET.

Please give a short sketch of the life of Pindar, the poet.—H. K., Gallipolis, O.

Pindar, the Greek lyric poet, was born near Thebes, 522 B. C., and died probably 448 B. C. He was sent to Athens in order to develop his poetical talent. His talent also received further cultivation on his return to Thebes. Corinna, a distinguished poet, being his teacher. Pindar was held in great honor by many princes of Gresk states for whom he composed choral songs. Alexander the Great was one of his most adrent admirers. In 472 Pindar visited Sicily and the courts of several of the monarchs in that vicinity. Pindar practiced all kinds of lyric poetry and excelled equally in all. His works embrace hymns to the gods, paeans, dithyrambs, dancing and drinking songs, dirges, panegyrics on princes and hymns in honor of the visitors to the games, but the only poems of his, with one exception, which have come to us entire, belong to the last class. The one exception is the ode which was intended to celebrate the installation of Aristagoras, as prytanis at Tenedos. His poems celebrated not alone the conquerors and their fellow-citizens, but all assembled Greece, and thus were spread wherever the Greek language was spoken. To understand Pindar it is necessary to be intimately acquainted with Greek antiquities. In the judgment of the best critics his poems belong to the most beautiful remains of ancient literature. They are marked by profundity of thought, elevation of diction and majesty of rhythm.

ADMIRAL AND COMMODORE.

Please give the origin of the titles of admiral and commodore.—G. T. D., Howell, Mich.

The word admiral comes to us from the Turkish and Arab Emir or Amir. An emir was a lord, the title being of military rather than of civil significance and applied to the commander of a force, whether large or small. Admir-al Bahr was "the lord of the sea," and the expression was Latinized into Admiralius Maris. It first occurs in English during the reign of Edward III., where it is spelled Amyrel. In the United States the title did not exist prior to 1862; that of vice admiral was created in 1864 and rear admiral in 1865. Commodore comes to us from the Spanish commendador, a Spanish word for knight or commander, and in Spain often used to indicate the superior of a monastery. In the United States, before 1862, commanders of squadrons were officially known as flag officers, but were often called commodores. The office was first created officially in 1862. The admiral's flag is displayed at the mainmast, the vice admiral's at the foremost, the rear admiral's at the mizzen. Formerly in the British navy the grade of admiral was indicated by the color of his flag, there being admirals of the red, white and blue flags, with vice and rear admirals of the same, but in 1864 this distinction was abolished.

CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.

Please explain the difference between a cycline and a tornado.—B. M. H., Crystal, Colorado.

In common speech no difference is recognized between these two classes of storms, but accurately speaking they are essentially different. The cyclone is an ocean storm; it has its origin in the tropical seas of both hemispheres and moves toward the north. The entire body of wind, or storm, has for its path a parabolic curve. The cyclones of the western hemisphere originate in the West Indies, travel northwestward till they reach 30 degrees lat. N., then curve to the northeast and continue in that direction—sometimes at some distance off the coast and sometimes on the shore, finally trending oceanward and disappearing in the vicinity of 20 degrees lat. N. The diameter of the storm varies from several hundred to over a thousand miles, and its velocity is from 60 to 80 miles an hour. At no point does the air whirl in a circle, but there is a tendency of the entire body of the storm to revolve around the point of lowest barometer. As a rule the velocity of the wind gradually increases till it culminates in a fierce intensity of movement that will wreck the largest ships. In the actual center of the storm there is a dead calm. Cyclones occur most frequently between August and November. In the eastern hemisphere they form in the vicinity of the Philippine islands, moving thence northwestward to the Asiatic coast and then curving to the northeast over the adjacent seas and islands. They are there known as typhoons. The origin in both hemispheres can be placed at about 10 to 12 degrees north of the equator, between the belt of calms and the southern limits of the trade winds. The tornado, on the other hand, is always a land storm. Its motion is always from southwest to the northeast, and its path varies from a few yards to 80 rods in width. The moving air always makes its appearance in the form of a funnel-shaped cloud, the small end drawing near to the earth, and revolves about a central, vertical axis. With inconceivable rapidity and always in a right to left direction, or opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch. With scarce an exception the tornado occurs in the afternoon, just when the hottest part of the day is over. It is caused by heat, that is, by the contact of currents of low temperature from the north with those of extremely high temperature from the south. The struggle of these atmospheric forces toward an equilibrium of temperature produces the mass of swiftly whirling air which we know as the tornado cloud. The velocity of the particles of air in this mass is so great that it is difficult to estimate it, but it is believed to be from 100 to 500 miles an hour, and it is sometimes, no doubt, even greater than this. Observers note four motions of the tornado cloud: 1, the gyratory movement of its air particles; 2, the onward motion of the storm; 3, the rising and falling movement of the cloud, and 4, its oscillation or swaying from side to side. It is also noted that the force of the tornado is constant, that it does not seem to spend itself, as the phrase is, by the destruction of the strongest buildings, but the cloud disappears by going from the earth upward, evidently being acted upon by forces in the upper region of the atmosphere. Close observation, such as has been made of many tornadoes under the direction of the signal service, seems to show that electricity is not an active cause of the tornado, but is often present as an accompaniment, being generated by the rapid motion of the air. Hail always accompanies the tornado, being formed by ahe same cause, that is the rapid condensation of the moisture of southern winds by contact with cold northern currents. Lightning and thunder never attend on the tornado cloud itself, but sometimes appear in the region of other outside clouds while the tornado cloud is in motion.

Wonderful Bargain

Hyde-Grade Cloth Petticoat

98c

Just in order to thoroughly demonstrate to ladies everywhere that our mail order department offers greater bargains than any house in the United States we will send this beautiful serviceable petticoat to any address upon receipt of only 98c. This petticoat is made of the world famed unequalled Hyde-Grade Cloth, made with full circular flounces with rows of shirring and six pin tucks, finished with six inch silk embroidered ruffle in exquisite eyelet design. The very latest style and a marvel of beauty. Colors: Gray, Tan, Green, Rose, Lavender, Brown, Copenhagen, Navy, also Black. Send waist measure and length. Enclose 10c to pay postage.

Send for our monthly bargain bulletin brimfull of tremendous bargains of every imaginable kind of goods that affords a saving of from 30% to 60% and even 100% on your necessities. Our policy of money back if not satisfied has made ours the largest department store in Ohio. Our mail order department offers the same money saving advantages as are daily offered on our store counters. Make all remittance by currency, Post Office or Express Money Orders and address

The May Co Dept. B Cleveland, Ohio.
Largest Department Store in State of Ohio

STATUE OF LIBERTY

Give a description of the Statue of Liberty in these columns.—T. J. O., Lostine, Ore.

The Statue of Liberty is situated on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor. The statue was a present from the people of France to the United States. It was unveiled October 28, 1886. Bartholdi designed the statue. The money was raised by popular subscription in France, taking five years to complete the fund. The statue is made of bronze and weighs 450,000 pounds; the bronze alone weighs 200,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand in the head, and 12 in the torch. One hundred and three steps lead from the base of the foundation to the top of the torch, while from the ground to the top of pedestal there are 195 steps There are 154 steps leading from the pedestal to the head, and the ladder leading up through the extended right arm to the torch has 54 rounds. The total cost of the statue, including the pedestal and cost of erection, is $600,000. Liberty exceeds in height the Colossus of Rhodes as the statue proper is 151 feet and 5 inches in height.

BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN

Will you please give an account of the battle of Kenesaw Mountain?—R. T. G., Gladehill, Va.

To Kenesaw mountain in Georgia, General Johnston had retreated about June 11, 1864, with about 60,000 confederates. Sherman followed him closely with 100,000 federal troops. But Johnston fortified himself very strongly. A sharp skirmish took place on the 14th, in which the confederate general, Polk, was killed. On the 17th an assault was made by Sherman, causing Johnston to contract his line. For about 10 days after this Johnston depended on his artillery keeping up a continuous fire. Sherman's army, however, lay in the valley almost untouched. On the 22nd Hooker and Schofield made an ineffectual attack, in which the Nationals lost heavily. Five days later Sherman caused two attacks to be made at the same time and from different quarters, Hooker and McPherson advanced against the left and the center of the confederate's line. But both assaults failed disastrously, nearly 3,000 federals being killed, missing or wounded. On the first of July McPherson made a more successful attack and Johnston was compelled to retire.

INGERSOLL ON NAPOLEON

Will the Question Bureau please publish again the impressions of Ingersoll at the tomb of Napoleon?—H. D. S., Watertown, N. Y.

"A little while ago," said Colonel Ingersoll, "I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the calvary of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

"I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personification of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

ADMISSION OF STATES

Will you please give the dates of the admission of the various states after the government was organized with the present constitution?—D. J. I., Weston, Me.

There were 33 states admitted to the union after the government was formed. They are as follows: Kentucky, 1792; Tennessee, 1796; Vermont, 1791; Ohio, 1803; Louisiana, 1812; Indiana, 1816; Mississippi, 1817; Illinois, 1818; Alabama, 1819; Maine, 1820; Missouri, 1821; Arkansas, 1836; Michigan, 1837; Florida, 1845; Texas, 1845; Iowa, 1846; Wisconsin, 1848; California, 1850; Minnesota, 1858; Oregon, 1859; Kansas, 1861; West Virginia, 1863; Nevada, 1864; Nebraska, 1867; Colorado, 1876; North Dakota, 1889; South Dakota, 1889; Montana, 1889; Washington, 1890; Idaho, 1890; Wyoming, 1890; Utah, 1886; and Oklahoma, 1907.

SOCIALISM

Will you kindly give through your columns the origin, development and significance of Socialism?—S. D., Hesperia, Mich.

The body that is generally looked upon as the ancestor of the present Socialist organization is not at Its disposal sufficient space to discuss it intelligently. organization is not at all socialistic. The League of the Just, organized in Paris, in 1836. The aims of this organization were indefinite and its principal significance lies in its transformation in 1847 into the Communist League. The development of Socialism is a long story, and this department of The Blade has not at its disposal sufficient space to discuss it intelligently.

SMUT IN WHEAT

Will you please tell me what causes smut in wheat?—R. C. S., Breckenridge, Mich.

Smut in wheat is a disease of certain plants. It is caused by a parasite fungi; which causes a swelling that at length becomes a powdery, sooty mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. J. O., Washington, Ia.: Write to the state superintendent of schools, Frankford, Ky., for the information you want.

J. C. J., Waverley, Ala.: The correct name for the so-called colored man is negro.

T. H., Newport, Va.: Moving pictures are taken from life by a camera made especially for the purpose.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

THE FIRST WINDMILLS

Question of Ownership of Wind—Design of Movable Dome.

London Globe.

Windmills are said to have been introduced into England by the Knights of St. John, who observed them in use among the Saracens in the Crusades; but how long they had been in existence before this it is not possible to ascertain. A watermill was built in Bohemia in the year 718, for an old chronicler mentions it, going on to say that "before that time all the mills in Bohemia were windmills set upon the summit of hills."

Windmills became so common throughout Europe in the thirteenth century that the pope compelled them to pay tithes to the church, and landed proprietors and the clergy were forever quarrelling as to the ownership of the wind! In Zealand a certain abbot built a mill to grind his corn in spite of the violent opposition of his landlord, who said that he was the owner of the wind on his property and no one else had the right to make use of it.

The bishop of Utrecht was appointed arbitrator, and he when told of the matter flew into a rage, declaring that what wind there was in his diocese belonged to himself and the church, and he proceeded to prove his contention by at once granting the abbot full power to build a windmill when and where he chose.

For hundreds of years windmills were among the most important adjuncts of industry, yet they hardly changed from the rude and primitive design of earliest days. They were fixed in one position, and the only way the sails worked when the wind blew from a certain quarter; while the four sails boasted no slats or checking apparatus or any kind, which must have been most inconvenient at times.

The first idea of arranging a mill so that it could be worked "whene'er the wind doth blow" was that of tethering an ordinary mill in the middle of a pond by means of ropes. When the wind shifted the ropes were loosed and the mill dragged around until the sails were caught by the wind, and it was then again tethered as before.

Later on a great pole, which was worked on the principle of a turntable, was affixed to the mill. Not until 1500 did Holland, the land of windmills, introduce a movable dome carrying the sail axle. The dome ran on rollers and was shifted around by means of the pole mentioned above. These ancient mills were often of massive build, being made of brick or stone, and later entirely of wood.

IF YOU HAD NO "STOMACH-ILLS" YOU'D PROBABLY BE AS HEALTHY AS WHEN YOU WERE A WEEK OLD; and if you use THE ROSCOE HERBS OF LIFE you'll have no more stomach-ills of any nature. YOU'LL BEGIN TO LIVE AGAIN WHERE YOU LEFT OFF WHEN YOUR STOMACH COMMENCED TO TROUBLE YOU. Isn't that worth trying to do? A DOLLAR SIZE package, postpaid, for 20 cents—NOW.
ROSCOE CHEMICAL INSTITUTE, 91 Dearborn St., Chicago.

George Washington's Heirs

THAT near but far land, the northern neck of Virginia, will learn with interest that the heirs of George Washington have a chance of receiving a little over $300,000 from the federal government. For most good Americans the name Washington and the personality of the greatest of those that bore it are a trifle shadowy, as looming dimly heroic through the mists of more than a century. Not such is the name of Washington, and not such is the personality of the first President to the good Americans of the northern neck.

There has never been a time when the Washington family was not a living reality to these rural Virginians. Americans who know well that George Washington left no direct descendants are sometimes a little surprised to learn that the descendants of those near to him in blood are just everyday folk in the region where he was born and bred and in which he always lived except when he was fighting the battles of his country or administering its civil government.

The northern neck of Virginia is that part of the Old Dominion lying between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. From Windmill Point, at the mouth of the Rappahannock, to Fredericksburg, at the head of navigation, is about 80 miles as the crow flies, but a good deal more as a steamer sails. For that distance the northern neck is a peninsula seldom more than 20 miles wide, and sometimes hardly half so much.

Above Fredericksburg the distance between the Potomac and the Rappahannock widens until two or three counties are included in the width of the neck, instead of merely one. George Washington's three homes in the neck were Wakefield, his birthplace in Westmoreland county, the farm opposite Fredericksburg in Stafford county and Mount Vernon, in Fairfax county.

The two original immigrant Washingtons, the brothers John and Lawrence, settled in the northern neck a little more than 260 years ago. George's father removed to Stafford county from Westmoreland, but many of his relations remained in Westmoreland and the neighboring counties far down the neck, and there many of their descendants still live.

Lawrence Washington of today, locally called "Mr. Lal," has a pleasant and well kept farm only a little way from the lonely field in which stands the monument marking the site of George Washington's birth. He tends his lands as George's father was accustomed to tend the neighboring plantation and exercises fishing privileges on the Potomac, hard by.

"Them Washingtons are smart people," was the comment of a simple neighbor when asked about the family. He spoke with no sign of awe, exactly as he would have spoken of "them Joneses" or "them Smiths."

Another of the name and blood served as state's attorney in the adjoining county of King George, not a highly paid office, you may guess, since the population of the county is less than 8,000. There are still others of the name and blood scattered through the central counties of the northern neck, and there are descendants of Washington's uncles in various parts of the United States, some of them bearing the name of Washington, others bearing other names.

An old gentleman directly descended from the Washington family died in poverty about 25 years ago at Wilmington, Del. Some who saw him in his coffin thought they discovered in his face a likeness to George Washington. A Virginian who for more than 20 years has been a broker on one of the New York exchanges is a descendant of the Washington family, although he does not bear the surname.

The Washingtons who have stayed in the northern neck have attracted no special attention for the most part. Their homes are less than 100 miles from the city of Washington, but are somewhat remote in time, for the northern neck below King George's county is one of the most inaccessible regions of the Atlantic slope. A railway is slowly penetrating the neck, but as yet most points south of Fredericksburg are reached only by means of steamboats on one river or the other, and usually the voyage to the outer world consumes a day and a night.

Except in the part of the northern neck that touches the Chesapeake or the lower Potomac or Rappahannock the country changes slowly, and old customs cling. The very fruit trees are in some instances scions of those imported by the 17th and early 18th century settlers. The fig is cultivated here and on the road from the Potomac to Washington's birthplace grow cherry trees that have sprung from seed to be traced back to a tree as old as that which Washington felled with the traditional hatchet.

It is still a rich and beautiful country, with fine farms, and neat little ports on either river, and wherever the tourist touches he will hear interesting traditions of the Washingtons. Other famous Virginia families, among them the Lees, settled early in the northern neck,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Living Close to Nature

"With what a glory goes and comes the year."
—Henry W. Longfellow.

When the poet wrote this beautiful thought he was not dreaming of the big city—the turmoil of her streets, her jammed department stores and the frenzied daily struggle of her people. He had kept close to nature and saw the glory of the seasons, as the people of the farms and small villages see them in their daily life. But in Longfellow's time those who lived the simple life lacked many of the material conveniences that are enjoyed today. Farmers and villagers have their daily mail and telephones now. Better still, there has come to them the opportunity of modern merchandising. They can buy the best, by mail, while sitting in the cozy corner of their home. The enterprising newspaper advertiser has made this happy condition possible. Blade advertisements will make buying easy for those who live close to nature.

Governor Harmon does not expect to get the lynchers' vote.

We can think of nothing more horrifying than a shower of aviators.

The doctors say that Jeffries was suffering from traumatic neurasthenia. No wonder he lost.

The man who has no money never stands around telling other people that poverty is a blessing.

It is possible to convince a man that he doesn't know much, but it is hard to get him to admit it.

Automobiling is said to have lowered the birth-rate in Kansas. The stork can't find anybody at home.

A Wellesley professor says the two sexes are not equal. But what is to be gained by talking about it?

The cost of burying King Edward is said to have been $202,500. It seems high, but the work was satisfactory.

The way to get rid of a life insurance agent is to tell him you're going to take a ride in a biplane next week.

"Roosevelt is quiet," says a headline. Newspaper readers don't run across anything like that very often.

So Miss Elkins is going to pass up the duke and marry an American? Let us all join in singing Hail Columbia.

The word "foreparents" has been introduced by the suffragists. It is up to our forefathers to turn over in their graves.

After the thermometer has registered above 90 a few times, 85 in the shade begins to look like summer resort comfort.

The fact that Kansas' 1910 baby crop is 2,130 short has naturally revived the question, "What's the matter of Kansas?"

An Indiana habitual drunkard has been sentenced to live in a dry county. His old friends hope he will make a model prisoner.

Scientists say there are more microbes on a $1 bill than on a $10. As a guarantee of absolute safety give us the new, crisp twenties.

Mr. Roosevelt used to believe in boxing, but since taking up editorial work he has discovered that the pen is mightier than the wallop.

A New York couple got married, it is said, because they loved the same bull pup. There is one case where Cupid can prove an alibi.

A Michigan dairyman has discovered that music appeals to his cows. Evidently the cow doesn't possess those large, soulful eyes for nothing.

Mr. Roosevelt is willing to meet reactionaries as well as insurgents, but no doubt he prefers that they come around on different days of the week.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall declares that American children are not sufficiently spanked. We reserve this space (——) for what the children think of Dr. Hall.

Mr. Rockefeller wants all church denominations to get together. But would he be in favor of having them incorporated under the laws of New Jersey.

A Pennsylvania woman, aged 83, took her first ride on a railroad train the other day, but there is where she draws the line. She will not venture up in an airship.

The Democratic party is beginning to feel encouraged. There is a possibility that it will be able to keep Mr. Bryan from being a candidate for President in 1912.

The German professor who holds that man is descended from four varieties of monkeys has stirred up some comment among the men, but the women are having nothing to say.

Missouri's prize cow is kept cool by the artificial breezes from electric fans. Her owner finds this method cheaper than taking her to a summer resort during the heated season.

LEARNING GONE TO WASTE.

"Education," said Uncle Eben, "has spoiled many a fine hoe-han'."

Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Reserve university, has done a very bold thing for one engaged in the profession of teaching. He has been studying the University of Calcutta. He has found it handsome and picturesque and permeated with the air of learning. But there is no hope for the graduates. They are but storehouses for knowledge, not agents for its application or its distribution for the benefit of their people.

India still lacks educated men, and lacks them tremendously. It is an illiterate people. But it has too many men of literary education in proportion to those of other types and also in proportion to the needs of the nation. Nine-tenths of all the inhabitants of India are supported directly or indirectly by agriculture. Few are manufacturers or traders. The professional class is small. The opportunities for men of literary tastes and abilities are slight. To the aristocracy of religion and of concentrated wealth India can hardly afford to add the aristocracy of culture or of profession. Educated men, therefore, unable to find opportunities of legitimate service, are prompted to embrace opportunities that are illegitimate. Illegitimate opportunities prompt the founding of cheap newspapers devoted to vilifying the government and lead to public speaking which is often a cheaper haranguing. The long and lengthening list of seditionists and conspirators contains not a few college men among its leading members.

In other words, India is obtaining educated natives at the cost of losing hoe hands.

COULDN'T STAY FOREIGNERS.

It was a shrewd campaign which the dominion of Canada entered when it sought to obtain American farmers for its pioneers in the northwest. The mother country was hurt because a preference was openly expressed and abetted by immigration law for the settlers from the United States to the refugees from the noisome east end of London. But Canada would not be turned aside. She made a brave play for the Americans and obtained them by the thousands. Her northwest was developed at a prodigious speed. Lands were taken up, cities were builded and railroads raced for the benefits to be harvested with the ripening of the vast fields of wheat. It was empire building with the finest workmen for the business in the world. Yet Canada is losing those builders.

The land is not up to the advertisement or the promise. It will not raise crops of a diverse character, alfalfa and the hardy grains being the only crops to be depended upon. The climate isn't mellowed by the nearness to the Pacific ocean, as the boomers said it was. Ice formed and snow fell in Alberta during the months of August and September last year. The government doesn't please those raised under the American forms and bred to their traditions. To cap the climax the railroads have charged so high a rate for the transportation of products to market that the year's profits won't balance against the sacrifices made.

Some time in the spring a revenue customs collector in Montana reported that 40,000 Americans had crossed the border from Canada within 12 months. The statistician of the reclamation service reported this week that 15,000 others had come home in a few months. Canada got 'em, but she couldn't keep 'em. Which is her loss and our gain in citizenship and national complacency.

116 TRUE SHOTS.

The Massachusetts rifleman who scored 116 consecutive bullseyes at 500 yards performed an astonishing feat, all except doubling the previous world's record, but the achievement cannot be rated as a "fluke." It was not chance, but science, which made the bullseyes.

To those who have not followed the development of rifle-shooting in the last few years it is scarcely understandable how truly skillful the regular army soldiers and the national guardsmen have become. The art is no longer one of individual attainments, each man, as it were, working out his own salvation, but of teamwork, of mutual help, of the impartation of experience and knowledge. Not only must there be the clearest conception of the trajectory laws, of the carrying force of so many grains of powder, of the pull of the trigger and the idiosyncracies of the weapons, but the rifleman must know how to allow for wind from various directions and moving at various speeds, for the haze of summer days, for the optical illusions created by heat, clouds and contour of foreground. All these things have come from more than practice. They have grown from the closest study and the absolute conquest of nerves.

Behind such marksmen as Corporal Perry Schofield, who made the 116 consecutive hits, there is such an army of trained riflemen in America as the world has never known before. They do not touch in skill such men as Schofield, but they approach them very near. Davy Crockett, for all his reputation, would have stood at the tail of the procession today.

IN THE REALM OF LEARNING.

Truly wonderful is this new science of psychology. Compared with it geology is astrology and archaeology but a whisper in a cemetery. It sheds light upon the darkest subject, as, for instance how John Arthur Johnson got James Jeffries' goat. And the whole dish of wisdom is delivered at the table of those a-hunger for knowledge with the most impressively dovetailed words which ever escaped over the Russian border.

Knowing the simpler rules of psychology as worked out at Harvard, a witness in court may be caught and confronted if in the act of lying. With a more complex formula the lawyer for the defense may catch the witness for the plaintiff, whether he is lying or not. No member of the bar can afford to be without a copy. In the side department of animal psychology the student can learn why the chipmunk gnaws a nut with his front teeth instead of breaking it with his molars. He could find it out by looking into its mouth, but that would be against the code of the science and one must always beware of such vulgarities. Now comes a psych. prof. who explains that mystery of the ages, the 16-year-old girl, and why she is composed of equal parts rats, puffs, fudge, giggles and "other ephemeral things." It is all because she is myopic, "seeing the immediate present, whereas a boy looks into the future."

How humanity got along without the psychologist so many generations is marvelous. That void is the only thing which accounts for the fact that the old portraits show our ancestors to have been a dismal, melancholy lot. There wasn't anything in those days warranted to keep people smiling.

A WARM POLITICAL SUMMER.

Ohio holds no copyright upon political confusion. The "mix-up" is bad here, but it is no worse than in half a score of other states. Out of factional quarrels, new organizations are being developed and new personalities are appearing in whom the voters are like to place their faith. It is a hot summer in more ways than one.

Senator Beveridge has probably saved himself exceeding worry in Indiana, Theodore Roosevelt having agreed to speak in his favor. But LaFollette, in Wisconsin, has first to win the primaries before he can make a similar appeal. The stand-patters are putting up a fight against LaFollette that is nation-wide, the railroads, Wall street and manufacturing associations having been asked, it is said, for subscriptions. Against him is Samuel A. Cook, a paper manufacturer, whose recommendation appears to be a willingness to open his purse. The primaries are to be held early in September. The law does not bar Democrats from voting for a Republican candidate at this balloting, an arrangement which is all in the senator's favor and most troublesome to his opponent. But few persons in Wisconsin politics are willing to say which way the primary election is going. It is a worse guess than the Reno battle was. Roosevelt has been rebuffed in New York, but it is scarcely likely that the astute politician will submit. He has always "come back." Among the least complacent persons in New York may be reckoned Timothy Woodruff, Republican state chairman. His ear strains for the guns at Oyster Bay. In Iowa the old regime has buried every hatchet in order to "square" accounts with Dolliver and Cummins, leaders of the insurgent cause. They, too, have interested Big Business. The insurgents in Iowa hope to have a platform written which will be the model for all Republican conventions where the progressives are in control.

The sun comes down with untempered rays. Politics has joined the sun's faction.

BRITISH SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

At the second reading of the bill in the British parliament to grant the suffrage to women Winston Spencer Churchill opposed the measure upon the ground that the country should first pronounce unreservedly for such a revolutionary change. He was echoed by Arthur J. Balfour, the leader of the opposition. The premier declared if women were granted votes their next campaign would be for seats in the house of commons. He was appalled by the thought of it. Chancellor Lloyd-George, while favoring the principle of women suffrage, declined to support the present bill. Austin Chamberlain, another opponent of the government, sneered at women suffrage in any shape or form.

The house passed the second reading by a vote of 299 to 190.

Upon the face of it it appears as if the majority among the commons was fixedly in favor of granting the suffrage to women in spite of the opposition of cabinet members and those who usually voice the sentiment of the members against the government.

At political conventions in the United States complimentary votes are frequently cast before the real balloting begins. The vote for the suffrage bill in the British house of parliament is probably upon the same order.

ILL-EXPRESSED GRATITUDE.

Most of Secretary Ballinger's utterances have led the country to infer that he came to high office at the sacrifice of personal income and inclination, obedient wholly to the call of patriotism. He has remained in Washington, so one was to believe, because of the imperious need for a talented and experienced secretary of the interior. These were but impressions. The truth is, Ballinger realizes, if, perhaps, a little late, that it is to the grace of the President he owes his job and that he holds it since it is the President's way to trust his subordinate and give him shelter when winds are austere.

The secretary delivered a eulogy of President Taft before the Hamilton club in Chicago the other day. He compared him to Lincoln, praised his constructive ability and had a good word to say as to his manners.

It is very fine for Ballinger to nourish a sense of gratitude. Such a thing is not altogether unbecoming or injudicious, even in a political officeholder. But an imprudent gratitude is worse than none at all. Had the secretary wished in his heart to do the President the kindliest turn possible he should have done one of two things, either sent in that letter of resignation or condemned him utterly. The quality of the Ballinger admiration is somewhat like the colors in tar, bright, pretty—but still there's the tar.

THE NEEDS OF ALASKA.

The journey to Alaska to be taken by Attorney General Wickersham and Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is not altogether, as might be surmised, for the purpose of straightening out the intricate political tangle of the territorial government. Alaska could possibly survive bad politics as other territories have, but it cannot long flourish under economic conditions which harass and throttle.

Since the discovery of gold in the Klondike the trade btween Alaska and the Pacific ports has increased from less than $2,000,000 a year to about $18,000,000, close upon three times the price paid for Secretary Seward's "chilblain factory." The gold mines continue to produce their enormous wealth and to attract population, the whites now far overshadowing the native Indians and the Russian half-breeds. Railroads are being developed and agriculture is becoming established upon a dependable basis. But back of the gold mines, the improvement of carriage for merchandise and the scratching of the soil to see what it might raise, are immense possibilities. There is tin and copper and lead, and we all know, through the methods of Mr. Ballinger's former clients and present friends, of the fabulously rich coal deposits. Laws which fitted the territory before the days of the Klondike do not fit in Alaska today. Also the laws under which the other territories were settled are now employed by combinations of capital for purposes of exploitation. Alaska should be permitted to reap the benefit of its resources, but, at the same time, the owners of the property—the people of the United States—should not lose thereby.

If Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Nagel may learn the actual needs of Alaska, uninfluenced by the selfish political factions and the pressure of the exploiters, it will be the duty of congress to act upon their recommendations. The have the opportunity to do much for the territory and much for their own personal reputation.

A PRECEDENT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

"Human Life," Alfred Henry Lewis' magazine, offers a solution for the controversy over the rights of the aeroplane. Believing the litigation is a serious impediment in the development of man flight, it suggests that congress be persuaded to give the Wright brothers $1,000,000 for their patents, these to be offered to the world for the use and encouragement of inventors. "Human Life" is making a campaign for its idea, soliciting support from the newspapers.

Everyone would like to see the Wright brothers obtain their just deserts and the cause of aerial navigation furthered. If congress could do this without danger it would be money well spent and would give this nation a name for parental enterprise. But, as in other legislation of a new character, congress would have to consider the precedent established. Should the Wright brothers' patents be bought, then it would be right and proper to buy other inventions. Should the measure be passed, everyone with a scheme of improvement, from a griddle-cake maker to a blast furnace method, would look to the government for quick returns. Political influence would be enlisted and possibly new political issues would be manufactured, certainly at times, local political issues.

The telephone and the electric light managed to survive litigation. Can it be said that they have been set back in their development, that they would be much better than they are today if they were public property?

INVESTING UPON CHANCE.

The citizens of New Orleans, a few years ago, indulged in a little stimulating imagination with the chart of the world before them. They considered the steamship trade routes as they are today and as they are like to be when the Panama canal is open to navigation. "Ah," they said, "this will be a great thing for New Orleans." The charts were rolled up, but unlike the average pleasant prospect, the idea was not forgotten.

New Orleans is now to be beheld awakened, energized, terribly in earnest. The city is making itself anew. It is investing for the profits to be gleaned when the argosies of commerce shall crowd the channels of the great river and demand warehouses, wharves, swift transfer of cargoes, fuel and shipping supplies. The swamp lands within the corporate limits are being drained that homes shall be provided for the population to be boasted in 1920, about 50,000 acres; money has been borrowed with which to build sewers, extend the boulevard system, build new levees and provide a fuller supply of pure water. Beyond the limits 100,000 acres of swamp land is to be drained, the farmer to succeed the aligator, the hum of machinery to follow the hum of the mosquito.

It may all be a dream. The trade routes may undergo no such revolution as predicted. The destiny of New Orleans may prove to have no relation—one can say that the city will lose by that long-time investment, that noble speculation with the chances of the future.

A MILLION MORE IMMIGRANTS.

The return of the immigrants is coincident with the return of confidence. As the mills opened their gates again and capital undertook new enterprises those foreigners who had fled to their old homes upon the paralysis of business in 1907 packed their belongings together and sailed once more for the new world. Of the million and the 40,000 more who came to the United States in the last fiscal year more than one-fourth are said to have been here before.

It is to be doubted if the country can be benefited by any fluctuating population—one that comes here to glean of its good in time of prosperity and runs for the shelter of the old homes when the winds are not to its pleasure. Yet this is a condition developed out of the cheapening of transportation, the bringing of the far corners of the world together. How the immigrant who seeks an asylum and is to become a worthy citizen is to be separated from him who comes for a few months of wages and work is no very simple affair for those who guard the doors. Until the bars are up permanently there will be that traffic.

FELLOWSHIP ALTERED.

Were it not for such men as Speaker Cannon and others of his kind, vicious class legislation would be limited only by the desire or willingness of petty politicians to introduce it.—From "American Industries."

Once upon a time Joseph Cannor made a speech, in the stress of excitement, which outpicturesqued anything in the whole history of a man singularly free and easy in the choice of language. The New York Sun made a campaign specialty against the man who delivered that speech. It invented names for him which were as cruel and insulting as Cannon had been profane and indiscreet. Time after time the Sun demanded that this "misrepresentative be sent back to private life." Cannon was sent back for two years—but he returned with the nails clinched to the job. Fifteen years later the New York Sun was booming him for the Presidency and speaking of that "homely, vigorous, idiomatic speech which seems appropriate to him."

In fifteen years the New York Sun had altered its point of view from that of Charles A. Dana, a great and resolute and patriotic journalist, to whom Joseph Cannon is in fullest sympathy. When Cannon opposed the payment of the millions of "promises to pay" issued during the Civil war he was unspeakable in the eyes of everyone in business or industrial life. But as a blockader of labor legislation he is a great man and sturdy in the view of the hydrophobiac anti-labor ..periodical, misnamed "American Industries."

"Bless thee! Bottom! Bless thee! Thou are translated!"

A GREAT LIGHT BEHELD.

L. J. Maxse, editor of the National Review in London, is one of the shoguns in what life grandiloquent among us call journalism. Shogun is the word, for Maxse carries a gun loaded to the muzzle with wounding words and his hat is cocked in the attitude of "show me!" For a long time the Review, through its Washington correspondent, made a practice of sneering at Theodore Roosevelt and Maxse's personal utterances reflected that tone. In yesterday's mail arrived the National Review in which was expressed the impression of Roosevelt received at first hand. We publish extracts:

He is a phenonemon, not on account of his extraordinary intellectual gifts, but owing to his abundant and irresistible personality, his magnificent courage and candor, his capacity for enjoyment, his incredible energy, his keen sense of humor, his sincerity, simplicity, boundless public spirit and social zeal, qualities rarely found in combination, especially among the "great, wise and eminent," who are not infrequently pompous, self-sufficient wind-bags.

To the Taper and Tadpole he is simply a terror because he is a man and not a mandarin.

The United States is confronted by graver problems than Americans, who are even more self-complacent and fatuously optimistic than Englishmen, care to admit and it seems inconceivable that the one man capable of coping with these problems should be permanently discarded. A Roosevelt cannot rust.

Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to sign the roll of honorary freemen of the city of London and we have no hesitation in saying that among his many eminent predecessors few have rendered more conspicuous service to civilization than the ex-President of the United States.

Neither is it a little achievement to conquer the good graces of Maxse, the most even-tempered man in England—he's always mad.

AN OLD GAME ASSAULTED.

The ingenious marketer who puts out pulverized cigar-boxes as pepper prepares first a bulwark against personal punishment, taking out a charter under the name, say, of the North and South American Spice company. Thus, the investigators seeking to fix the responsibility for the digestions deceived with sawdust solemnly bring in an indictment against the corporation and the i. m. aforementioned journeys to other climes presently to sell desiccated Turkins toweling as breakfast food.

However, the game is played out. It is ceasing to work. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis gave instructions to the jury, investigating the beef trust cases, in this wise:

Do not indict a mere alias. But follow the trail wherever it may lead until you have located, identified and pointed out the real offenders.

It was Judge Landis who caused the fixing of a $29,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil company. He was pronounced a socialist then by such notables as Henry H. Rogers and John D. Archbold. If the Swifts and the Armours can't say something more withering than that about him then they have learned little by association with the cattle-raising industry.

NONE SO BLIND.

A committee on conciliation sought to settle a strike in Brooklyn, N. Y. The vice president, who was also the general manager of the company against which the strike was directed, said to the committee:

"This business is a one-man affair, and I intend to brook no interference on the part of employes or the public."

It happens that his company is a part of a great trust, using all the most advanced methods of capitalistic co-operation to promote its business nd profit. Recognizing the value of combination in one direction and insisting upon its lawfulness and its moral right to exist, it denounces combination among its workers as unlawful. It denies the right of the public to interfere while yet counting upon the public to support its own industrial practices.

The possibilities for self-blinding among the so-called captains have still, we suppose, to be exhausted. Selfishness can be cultivated to a degree where it expects aggrandizement from the neighbor as a natural right and a miracle from heaven, in time of need, as its just desert. The captain is captain because society pleases. He will have to realize, painful as the process is, that he can be reduced to the ranks—when society pleases.

The emperor of China has made a hit among civilized nations by deciding to wear his shirt inside his trousers.

There must be something wrong. Dr. Cook has not been located in more than one place during the past week.

Had Sir Isaac Newton failed to discover the law of gravity the aviators would have found it.

Although he doubtless knows the way, Secretary Ballinger has not visited Oyster Bay.

The man who enjoys his work has something on the fellow who works because he has to.

The mother of a large family doesn't have to worry about what to do for exercise.

Dr. Wiley says there is nothing very dangerous about kissing. The doctor is an expert.

The Edge of Things

Chicago Advance.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from the rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went forth with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while 25 poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth.

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped 25 people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about money. You go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellowmen."

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Well," asked St. Peter, "what have you ever done that makes you think you ought to be admitted here?"

"Let me see," the applicant replied, trying to think. "Now that you ask me, I really don't recall anything that gives me much of a claim to admittance here, and that's a fact. I can say, however, that I've never been a wicked man. I never deliberately did anyone on earth a great wrong."

"That is merely negative goodness. We have a separate heaven for people whose sole claim is that they never did anything wrong. They go in with the ones that were defective mentally, the weaklings. Didn't you ever feed an orphan or comfort a widow?"

"No; I am compelled to say that I never did. You see, I never came in personal contact with orphans who were hungry or widows who needed comforting."

"Never caused a brutal driver to cease abusing his horse?"

"No. I saw a man try that once and what happened to him made me decide never to mix in."

"Well, didn't you ever assist any poor, struggling young man who was worthy?"

"No, really, I never did. Oh, by the way, once, when I was going home at night in an 'L' car a man who sat in the seat in front of me had on his shoulder a long brown hair. Without saying anything to him about it I picked the hair from his coat. I thought by his looks that he was a married man, and—"

"Come on in. To the right for your harp and crown."

Success Magazine.

A minister who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit. He was a guest at a well-known hotel, where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and, by arranging with the head waiter, these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request and told the waiter to pass the bottle.

The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister.

"You're a minister of the gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach hell and damnation?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples."

Kansas City Journal.

Fred Dumont Smith, of Hutchinson tells that he was fishing once in Lake Killarney. The only evidence he found of the finny tribe ever having inhabited that body of water was a rumor circulating about that Brian McCarty, or a man of some such name, had captured a salmon there along about 150 B. C.

Bill Smith determined to fish anyway, and hired a guide to show him the good places. He fished quite a while and got not even a nibble.

"Guide, are there any fish in this lake?" demanded Smith.

"Lashins iv thim," was the prompt reply.

"Any trout?"

"Shure."

"Any bass?"

"Shure."

"Any croppies?"

"Shure."

"Any thermometers?"

"Shure," responded the guide, but in a confidential tone. "Shure, lots iv thim. If yer wor here in March ye'd see thim lapin' all over the lake."

Smith decided to wait until March.

Harper's.

An English friend, who contends that we Americans have no true sense of historic value or artistic verity, cites the following to prove her point. She was at Holyrood last spring, and the custodian was showing her, together with several American tourists, the old rooms of the famous castle, Darnley's dressing room especially charmed her—the rare mellow panels, marvelously rich with intricate carving, and the exquisite narrow windows of quaint design. One of the Americans, evidently a middle-aged man of business, poked his noise in the room and out again.

"Whose did you say? Darnley's? Dressing room? Humph! Very poor light for shaving."

Dundee Advertiser.

Trooper Brown of the British Territorials, was "green." His horse, likewise unaccustomed to war, seemed from its appearance and general structure to have been not very long ago a dray horse. But it was a wise animal, and had learned through experience that to keep one's mouth shut is to avoid many troubles. Much practice had enabled it to keep its mouth shut very successfully—and very tight.

On the first morning parade in Trooper Brown's first camp, the lieutenant rode down the lines of his company.

"All the men turned out, sergeant-major?" he queried.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant-major, "all except Trooper Brown. He's waiting for his horse to yawn, so's he can slip the bit in; but the worst of it is, sir, the brute doesn't seem a bit tired."

Sidney Lanier.

1842-1881.

Born in the balmy, sunny south,
Where every leaf and bole
Brought heavenly sweetness to his heart
And music to his soul.

Faith, hope and gentle charity
Grew with him as he grew
To manhood. What by faith he saw,
He learned; at last he knew.

In every stem and shrub and tree
He saw a lover—friend;
Each little flower its message deep
To his great heart did send.

He loved the sea, the sky, the star,
And in the sun could see
A great warm-hearted, lordly friend,
Aglow for you and me.

The heavy hand of circumstance
He meekly, bravely bore,
And sang the music of his soul
In many a thrilling score.

Go, poet-spirit, lent to earth
A few, short, wondrous years,
Back to the Love that gave thee birth,
Thy muse all life endears.

—C. Miriam Colt, in The New York Times.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE TRANSFIGURED LIFE.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 24 is "The Transfiguration," Matt. 17:1-8, 14-20.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Every life should get up into a mountain at least once. The transfiguration experience—that rare hour when love dawns, when a mission unfolds, when God shows himself—is the right of every spirit. It lifts existence above the plane of dreary endurance; rewards for labors past and fortifies for trials to come. Not to have known the glow and thrill and inspiration of a great vision is like having lived a flat, pent-up life, with no heights in it. And it takes a mountain-top view to give true and adequate horizon. When Jesus wanted His disciples to see His mission in perspective, and in relationship to two worlds, He took them up to Hermon's top with Him, that they might share the transfiguration hour which the Father had prepared for the Son's own comfort.

Jesus was transfigured. The very texture of His being was irradiated with a heavenly light. He was visited by Moses and Elijah, and a bright cloud, out of which came again that attesting voice, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Then, after all, He had to go down to the plain, where life, with all its sad and ugly everydayness, its sin, suffering and shame, awaited Him.

Getting on the Heights.

Wise is the person who insists upon mountain times. Every day to rise to the altitude of a great book, a great poem, a beautiful picture, a noble bit of music—that is to live after the pattern of Him who sought bravely for His times apart. The soul-steady men have ever been those who knew the secret of getting away from mankind at seasons, and above the roar and tumult of the street. It is a true instinct which calls the Christian workers off to occasional gatherings of leaders. Given a choice between, say, a trip to the recent world's Sunday school convention in Washington and a spring outfit, the wise person would choose the former. The clothes would be quickly out of fashion, but the spectacle of that world's convention and its messages would be a lifelong memory of preciousness. There is a place for religious conventions in our hurried modern life.

Mountain-top experiences are self-revealing. The transfiguration attested the true Christ. "Count your highest moments your truest," said Phillips Brooks.

"What we dream of, that we are,
For one transcendant moment."

According to the vision, so must be the life. The hours of uplift establish a new plane of character and service. The man who has written one great book or poem cannot thereafter be content to relapse into mediocrity. The hero is a marked man forever; heroism must be his rule of conduct. Whoever has been apart with Christ on the hights where heaven's secrets are revealed and earth's needs made plain, must thereafter bear the special responsibility of one who is to help the whole world to that knowledge. All the opportunities God gives are equipments. Whereunto we have already attained, by that same rule we must walk.

"No Vision—People Perish."

What does the world need today from the church—this weary, vexed, burdened and perplexed world of every-day life of which you and I are a part? Does it need more organizations, better methods, a multiplication of professional religious workers? Far from it. Let it be said with utmost clearness that while the church was never so clever or so up-to-date or so well organized as now, her real need is for vision. "Where there is no vision the people perish." We have smartness and versatility and modern-religious adaptability—but have we that vital vision which lifts up the soul, and makes men feel that he has been in converse with the Most High? The utter supremacy of truth, the reality of God, the sanctity of love, the profound sense of service owed to mankind, the non-essential nature of the pursuits to which men are giving their souls, in a word, the voice from the mount—these are what we need, rather than any of the devices in which our age is so fertile.

The souls which have visions are the world's redeemers. The prime qualifications for human service, the one "call" that is indubitable—is this tremendous sense of the reality of the things which are unseen. Let a man talk with Moses and Elijah and Jehovah in the mount, and it will be of entirely subordinate interest whether or not he has attended a theological seminary. The chief value of such a meeting as last month's World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh lies not in its specific resolutions or utterances, but in the vision of the on-march of the Redeemer which it has given to the world.

Fellowship in Deep Things.

Because two persons have eaten ice cream together is no mark of intimacy; but that two persons have gone apart to pray together is evidence of real fellowship. In the things of the soul we want little company, and that of the most congenial. Jesus, in this spiritual crisis, took with Him into the mountain His three intimates, Peter, James and John. They were sleepyheads and blunderers, but they were His best friends. This great moment on the mount may not rightly be understood unless we consider the significance of the presence of the three comrades of earth, as well as the two forerunners and types from heaven. Despite all its limitations, human communion is a divinely ordained stay in hours of testing.

It was while He prayed that Jesus was transfigured. The Man of Prayer entered most of His great experiences on His knees. To Him prayer was the supreme necessity. He could get along without food and without sleep and without rest, but He could not get along without prayer. A hopeful mood to today is the deepening sense of the place of prayer in the Christian's life. As we draw closer to God we get nearer to men; by that route our best service comes. For all the most skilful endeavors will be sterile and joyless except they be vitalized by the consciousness of God which only they know to whom the times of secret communion are a reality. The transfigured character, the transfigured church, is born in the mountain retreat of prayer.

Down Where Lunatics Live.

Lovers talk of soul-affinity, but married folk have to think of grocers' bills. It is the love that is not blind to the realities of life which endures. Practicalities have a place in existence, as well as lofty sentiments. A good test of any ideal is whether it can live in the atmosphere of everydayness. Peter was a rank and impossible sentimentalist and the forerunner of a tribe of mawkish unrealists, when he proposed that they build booths on the Mount of Transfiguration and stay there. Jesus, with the calm good sense which invariably marked His utterances, forbade it and led the disciples down to the plain, where people lived.

There they found a lunatic. An anti-climax? Not so; that is life. There are slums as well as suburbs, dark cellars as well as glorious spots, sordidness as well as saintliness. Both must be taken into the reckoning. But the power of the mountain top may be carried down to the needs of the plain. That is the world's hope. The value of all times of inspiration is that they may be wrought out where men suffer and toil and weep and laugh. The glories of revelation, the transporting realizations of God, are all to be transmuted into deeds of human service and lives of holy power. To that end were Moses and Elijah and the Greater One in whom the Father was well pleased.

Varieties

Mountain air is imitated for the use of invalids.

A "laymen's missionary movement" has been started in Ceylon.

The automobile industry is responsible for a scarcity of leather.

About 16,000 persons annually meet violent deaths in England and Wales.

The new metal filament lamps are not nearly so fragile as the earlier types.

The present officially-estimated population of Greater London is 7,581,[illegible].

The German emperor has seventy-five titles and the king of Spain forty-two.

The total sale of English goods in Argentina averages $100,000,000 annually.

The rat's sight is not good, but its sense of smell and locality is without parallel.

The royal engineers are now experimenting with a motor engine to propel artillery.

The earliest coinage that can be called American was struck off in Massachusetts in 1652.

The heaviest hammer in the world weighs fifty tons and is found at the Terni works, Italy.

Only one small portion of the United States, the southern tip of Florida, never has experienced freezing weather.

Following Philadelphia's example, New York has established a free permanent exhibition of building materials.

Using American machinery, the Bangkok Manufacturing company, the only ice plant in Siam, makes twenty tons a day.

The proposed international exhibition at Bilboa, Spain, in 1912, is now practically a certainty. It is to cost $1,280,000.

A new sanitary mouthpiece for telephones is made flush with the transmitter case to avoid germ catching corners.

The governments of Australia and New Zealand will connect various groups of British Pacific islands with wireless.

Real estate agents are prospering in Buenos Aires. During the first quarter of the year property sold in that city was valued at $73,500,000.

Fool's gold is the popular name applied to a group of minerals known to mineralogists as pyrites, and which are often mistaken for gold ore.

Records of the port of New York since the beginning of the year show that the nation will receive one million immigrants before 1911 comes.

Perfumery is generally used by Venezuelans, climatic conditions there, as in other tropical countries, being a great factor in forcing its use.

In Jerusalem the opportunity for selling floor tiles, pipes, steps and perhaps cornices of concrete is quite large, but not for concrete building blocks.

The lily is extensively eaten in China. Among the edible flowers of the occident are artichokes, cauliflower, cloves, capers and chrysanthemums.

The largest butterfly known is found only in British New Guinea. The male measures eight inches across the wings and the female not less than 11 inches.

Princess Juliana, heiress to the throne of Holland, is now well started on her second year of life, with good health and a strong resemblance to her father.

Banks existed in China, Babylon, Greece and Rome before the Christian era. The earliest records of European banks are those of Venice, founded A. D. 1171.

There is little prospect of the silver industry of this country being overdone, for there are only three localities in this country where the olive will thrive.

The value of the stamp collection of the postal department is modestly placed at $200,000, but it would bring many times that if placed on the market for sale.

The French exports of window glass are less than one-half what they were five years ago, owing to the erection of factories in countries formerly supplied by France.

In spite of the strong demand, exports of rosewood to the United States and Europe have fallen off owing to the difficulty of getting the logs out of the Brazilian forests.

The American board sends out this year, for the first time, a woman missionary who can write "Rev." before her name. She is Miss Isabelle Phelps. She goes to North China.

Miss Eleanor C. Zimmerman, of East St. Louis, Ill., has won a prize for drawing the best plan of a seven-room house to cost $2,500. She had more than 5,000 competitors.

The first attempt to manufacture watches or clocks on a large scale in America was made by Eli Terry, a Connecticut Yankee, who invented wooden wheels for his clocks.

The Norwegian town of Stavanger proposes to have a permanent museum for exhibiting all machinery used in the fish canning and preserving industry from its beginning until the present.

The narrowest street in the world is Kitty Witches now in Great Yarmouth, England, which has the extreme width of 56 inches. The entrance is 29 inches from wall to wall.

Containing only 13 per cent of moisture, and the balance almost wholly grape sugar (carbohydrates), the raisin is on a par with the date and the dried fig as an energy producer in the system.

The largest olive orchard in the world is situated at Sylmar, near Los Angeles, Cal., where there are 128,000 bearing trees, yielding 50 pounds of fruit to the tree. The farm consists of 120 acres.

Investigation shows that the waves of the Atlantic are probably larger than those of any other body of water, reaching 42 feet. Waves of this size look much higher than a ship's deck.

A new employment for women has appeared in Paris. It is "radium carrier," the duties of whom is to carry a precious package of radium from one point to another, where there is demand for its use.

The expression "Go to Halifax" originated in the terror with which rogues used to view the law of Halifax, Yorkshire county, England. The law was that criminals should be condemned first and inquired upon after.

Rear Admiral Bacon, of the British navy, believes that the race between the gun and the armor of a battleship, which has been going on for over half a century, has

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5088—Ladies' Yoke Waist, with High or Low Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. Mull, China silk or messaline may all be used to advantage. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3127—Ladies' Waist, with Girdle, High or Dutch Neck, with or without Long Sleeves, and with One-piece Over-waist having Cap Sleeves. Chiffon, messaline or net may be used for this model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3141—Child's Dress, with Guimpe; the Dress closes at each side. A plain little model, good for challis, cashmere, chambray or lawn. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2494—Boys' Russian Suit, with a Removable Shield and Knickerbockers. Duck, linen or chambray are good materials for this suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3110—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt. Closing at Left Side or Sweep or Round Length. Ponree, Rajah, chiffon or silk are suitable materials for this model. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

5069—Ladies' Skirt, joined to circular flounce, in short sweep or round length. Ponsee, rajah, chiffon or silk are suitable materials for this model. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2425—Child's Set of Short Clothes, Consisting of Dress, with Long or Short Sleeves, Petticoat Having an Underwaist, Drawers and Cap. Fine cambric, lawn or muslin are best adapted to this model. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

2924—Ladies' Open Drawers, with Straight or Circular Ruffles. Muslin, jaconet, nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn are all adaptable. 8 sizes—22 to 32.

2884—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with High Waistline. This will be a handsome model developed in sheer batiste and trimmed with insertion. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

5079—Ladies' Kimono with Sleeve Extending to Neck Edge. Developed in any shade of Crepe cloth, with contrasting bands of satin to trim, this is a beautiful design. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2500—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, Having Sleeves in Full Length with Link Cuffs, or in Seven-eighths Length with Roll-up Cuffs. Any of the sheer white materials are excellent for this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

5078—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with Removable Chemisette. Developed in pongee, linen or lawn, this will be found to be a good model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2987—Girl's and Child's Dress. Any material may be used for the development of this dress. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2842—Girls' Low-neck Dress, with Yoke. Three-quarter Length Sleeves and with or without Fancy Collar. A pretty dress is shown made of fine lawn, the collar being trimmed with hand embroidery. 6 sizes—4 to 14 years.

2979—Misses' Five-gored Skirt, Closing at Left Side Back Seam and Having Plaited Flounce. Serge, mohair, brilliantine or linen are good for the development of this skirt. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

3027—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. Panama cloth, serge, mohair or voile will develop to good effect in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1761—Infants' One-piece Slip. Any material can be used for this little dress. One size.

2670—Child's Dress, with High or Low Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. Dotted lawn was used to develop this dress. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

3108—Ladies' Nightgown. Any fine material is adaptable to this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2901—Misses' High Waistline Sailor Suit, Closing at Left Side of Front and Having High or Low Neck. White linen was used for this model, with flat pearl buttons and red silk tie to trim. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

BALLOON KILLS FIVE

Trial Flight of Passenger Airship Ends in Disaster.

Leighlingen, Rhenish Prussia, July. 13.—The dirigible balloon Erbsloeh, recently refitted for passenger service, was destroyed in midair today through the explosion of a benzine tank and her inventor, Oscar Erbsloeh and his crew of four men dropped to their death.

The bodies of the aviators were frightfully mangled. The gondola was torn to bits and the motor buried itself beneath the surface of the ground.

The victims were men well known to all Germans interested in aerial feats, and Erbsloeh gained an international reputation when, in 1907, at St. Louis, he won the international cup in the distance race for balloons.

His companions were Herr Toelle, a manufacturer, of Barmen, two engineers, Herr Kranz and Herr Hoeppe, and Herr Spicke, the motorman.

The Erbsloeh was constructed last year and had had a dubious career. The first time it descended it crashed into a clump of trees and its occupants narrowly escaped injury. A few days ago, during a trial flight, a propeller was broken.

The balloon, which was of the non-rigid type, had just been made over preparatory to the establishment of a pasenger service between Elberfield and nearby points. Today it was inflated for a final test by the crew. The ascent was made near Opladen and during a fog.

There were few eye witnesses of the accident. According to these the start was well made. The Erbsloeh rose gracefully, pushing its way through the fog to a height estimated at several hundred yards. At this altitude a series of evolutions begun. To the onlookers the airship appeared to obey her helm perfectly.

Suddenly there was a loud report and at the moment the fore part of the vessel crumpled up and the gondola was twisted about until it appeared as though standing on one end. As the gas escaped from the forward compartment the prow swayed downward. For a flash the airship fluttered like a wounded bird and then fell swiftly to earth.

Erbsloeh and his companions were killed the second that they struck the ground. Their heads were battered in and every limb was broken.

An examination of the wreckage showed that the benzine tank had burst, tearing to shreds the rubber envelope directly above it. The destruction of this envelope caused the bow to collapse. The stern compartment was still filled with gas when it struck the ground.

The death of Erbsloeh and crew, with the destruction of the balloon for which much had been hoped, following closely upon the loss of Count Zeppelin's Deutschland, has caused gloom in aviation circles.

Up to 10 days ago the roll of aviators killed since September 17, 1909, stood at 10. On July 3 Charles Wachter fell to his death at Rheims, France. Yesterday the English sportsman, Charles Stewart Rolls, died beneath the wreckage of his aeroplane. Today Erbsloeh and his crew of four were dashed to pieces.

ACTS FOR PUBLIC GOOD

Interstate Commerce Commission Suspends Rates.

Washington, July 14.—In an official statement the interstate commerce commission announced today its intention to suspend all tariffs naming general and important rate advances, pending an investigation as to the reasonableness of the proposed increases.

"No more definite statement in this regard can now be made," says the commission, "but the specific orders will be announced from time to time as they are entered and served. It is expected that the suspension in each case will be for 120 days from the effective date named in the tariff, but the commission intends by subsequent orders to provide for making effective on the same day such advances as may be allowed."

For Public Good.

It is the purpose of the commission to exercise its authority to suspend rate advances only in such instances of the filing of tariffs as might indicate that such action was desirable on the grounds of public policy. In other words, if the commission should be convinced that any given advance would work a hardship to a considerable territory and to large shipping interests, through the policy it has adopted, it would suspend that tariff pending an inquiry into the reasonableness of the rates named.

BRYAN IN BITTER FIGHT

Has Hands Full to Place County Option Plan in Platform.

Lincoln, Neb., July 18.—William J. Bryan has a hard fight on his hands in attempting to place a county option plank in the Democratic state platform.

Lancaster county, in which Lincoln is located, went with him strongly on the question, placing him at the head of the delegation and instructing for both the county option and the initiative and referendum planks. But a number of the other counties are strongly opposed, and the county leaders have shown that they mean to put up a fight to a finish in the state convention, which will be held in Grand Island on July 26.

Douglas county, in which Omaha is located, and the largest county in the state from the standpoint of population, Saturday gave Bryan a black eye, although this was not unexpected. Douglas county is the stronghold of the wets and it was expected that the county convention would go against county option by a big majority.

Ignore Bryan's Name.

The name of Mr. Bryan was not mentioned at any time during the convention. Gov. Shellenberger shared the same fate, being ignored. The delegates without a single exception are against county option and favor Mayor James Dahlman of Omaha, as candidate for governor. Mr. Dahlman will head the delegation of 104 members.

Among the other counties that have come out as opposed to Mr. Bryan and the county option program are: Cass, Thomas, Filmore and Jefferson. Thomas county, after a short discussion, downed county option almost unanimously. In the Filmore convention the vote stood 104 to 25 against. Cass county by a vote of 101 to 35 instructed the delegates to vote against the option plank.

Loses Old District.

Cass county, as in Otoe, which is regarded certain to send a united delegation against such a plank, is in the first congressional district, which sent Mr. Bryan to congress. Bryan has always been strong in these counties, but they are with Douglas, the stronghold of the anti-county optionists and the Democrats there will be among Bryan's strongest opponents on the question.

In the convention held Saturday in York county a surprise was sprung. York, the county seat, was one of the first towns in the state to vote out saloons, and it is one of the strongholds of county option. The resolutions passed were silent on the question of county option and the delegates were instructed to vote as a unit.

Bryan will personally conduct the fight in the convention and from the way the counties are lining up it is evident that the contest will be bitter and hard fought.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

CLEAR BALLINGER

Dispatch From Washington Says Investigators Hold Him Blameless.

Chicago, July 18.—According to a special story in the Chicago Tribune today, under a Washington date line, Secretary Richard A. Ballinger will be exonerated by a majority report of the joint congressional committee which for five months has been making an exhaustive investigation of the conduct of affairs of the department of the interior and of the bureau of forestry of the department of agriculture.

The investigators who concur in the majority report, which carries a condemnation of the course of former Chief Forester Pinchot, J. R. Garfield and Louis R. Glavis, according to the Tribune story, are Senators Nelson, Flint, Sutherland and Root and Representatives McCall, Denby and Olmsted.

Minority Report.

It also is declared that a minority report will be filed declaring Secretary Ballinger guilty of the charges made against him, to which the signatures of Senators Purcell and Fletcher and Representatives Madison, James and Graham will be attached.

The dispatch says in part:

"Richard Achilles Ballinger is a wise, honest, conservative official, entirely qualified to discharge the duties of the secretary of the interior and fit to be intrusted with the interests of the people of the United States.

Sum of the Finding.

"This sums up the findings of the majority of the joint congressional committee which for five months has been making an exhaustive investigation of the conduct of affairs of the entire department of the interior, and also of the bureau of forestry of the department of agriculture. The investigators who concur in these findings, which constitute a condemnation of the course of Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester; James R. Garfield, former secretary of the interior, and Louis R. Glavis, former chief of the field division of the general land office, will be found to be the following:

Senator Knute Nelson, Minn., chairman.

Senator Frank J. Flint, Cal.

Senator George Sutherland, Utah.

Senator Elihu Root, New York.

Representative Samuel W. McCall, Mass., vice chairman.

Representative Edwin Denby, Mich.

Representative Martin E. Olmsted, Pa.

Minority reports disagreeing with the foregoing findings will be made by:

Representative Edward H. Madison, Kas.

Senator W. E. Purcell, N. D.

Senator D. U. Fletcher, Fla.

Representative Ollie M. James, Ky.

Representative J. M. Graham, Ill.

Nelson Prepares the Report.

"Madison is a Republican, and the last four named men are Democrats. The Chicago Tribune correspondent has learned that since the adjournment of congress the members of the investigating committee have been drafting reports and their conclusions in the famous case.

"The basis of the reports for the majority was prepared by Senator Nelson and for the minority by Representative James. Mr. Madison is writing his own opinions. It is understood that the results of the labors of Mr. Nelson and Mr. James have been submitted to the members of the committee for criticism and for additions. By the time the committee reassembles on September 10 it will have in practically final shape the reports which it will make. It is intended to give the reports to the press without delay in order that the charges shall not be uttered that the Republican party deliberately suppressed the findings because of the fear of the effect upon the impending congressional campaign.

The report of the majority will be what the friends of Gifford Pinchot have expected for some months. It will be found to be a long resume of the testimony of numerous witnesses and deductions therefrom.

Holdings of Majority Report.

"The majority report will declare:

"That Mr. Ballinger is a wise, honest, conservative officer of the government.

"That Mr. Ballinger acted entirely within the record and displayed proper judgment in his attitude with respect to the Cunningham coal claims.

That Mr. Ballinger was justified in his criticism of the reclamation service.

That nothing was developed to prove any monopoly or improper granting of water power sites.

That Mr Ballinger was justified in abandoning the policy of Mr. Garfield, expressed in a "co-operative agreement" whereby absolute control, management, and direction of certain employes in the Indian service were given over to the forestry bureau of the department of agriculture.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard-of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G-64 CHICAGO

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Drench. Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. E. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

$1.50 CASH FREE. Sell 30 pkgs. perfume. We send it free. Keep $1.50; send us $1.00. A. B. WADE, Dept. B JENNINGS, La.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 37 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 O. J., Kansas City, Mo.

FITS Epilepsy. Only cure. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no pay. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

AN ASTROLOGICAL READING, based on the position of the sun and your ruling planet at the time of birth, containing valuable information pertaining to business, health, friends, enemies, love, marriage, changes, coming events and future prospects. Send ten cents and birthdate. Harrison J. Avers, 831 Fourth st., Toledo, Ohio.

RHEUMATISM AND HEART DISEASE FROM SAME CAUSES.

Suffering and experimenting 10 years, discovered cure, made at your home; costs trifle. Want people, not trusts, to get it. Recipe 25c coin; no stamps. Dr. Ballard, Box 8, National House, Wisconsin.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Mi-Ke Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee Wis.

WHALE TOWS AQUATIC DOVE COTE UNTIL POWER STOPS

Tacoma, Wash., July 18.—Jonah had nothing on a pair of honeymooners who went on a wedding tour down Puget Sound with a whale as the motive power. This does not detract from the classiness of the novel trip that it was not prearranged. Bridal couples, generations ago, used to be surprises at surprises, and anyway, eminent authority is that Jonah did not anticipate what happened to him. Mr. Delameter—who is called this because it is not his correct name—fitted up a houseboat on a float made of logs. He anchored the boat securely in a little cove, and having wooed and won the one woman in the world to him, gone through the marriage ceremony satisfactorily to bridesmaids and minister, he repaired for the honeymoon to the houseboat.

They spent an enjoyable week on the little boat, which seemed quite secure, as palms were hung from the logs to anchors buried in the sandy beach. Then one night the unexpected happened. Quite suddenly Mr. and Mrs. Delameter felt their housebota moving as if in an earthquake.

It swerved and tottered, and all at once the raft started for the ocean. In vain the bride called out in terror and the groom looked out of the windows to see what caused his boat to take a tour of the sea. Nothing could be seen. On went their houseboat, tossing over the big waves; loudly shrieked the bride and loudly cursed the groom. Then some fishermen saw the boat drifting out into the faults and heard the cries. They dashed after them and rescued them, and began sailing over the houseboat to try to find where the spirit of locomotion was located.

Poor Whale Was Dead.

Way down under the boat and entangled in the loosechains was a whale. Evidently it was caught there, and in trying to extricate himself he had broken the cables, dragged the boat out to sea and keep running away with the bride and groom till the chains strangled him.

It is to be hoped that the bride and groom kept the carcass of the whale that saved them out to set. It would set them up in housekeeping with no installment plan attached. The fact is that one whale such as ran away with the houseboat might easily sell for $1,738. Here are the profits in a 70-ton humpback whale:

50 barrels whale oil, worth.....	$ 700
50 tons whale meat, worth.....	650
1,300 square feet leather, worth.	60
500 pounds glue, worth.....	25
600 pounds tallow, worth.....	30
350 pounds whalebone, worth..	60
3 tons skeleton bone, worth....	99
2 tons guano fertilizer, worth..	144
Total of products	$1,738

I put it to you—who would not elope with a whale for $1,738? It's a business proposition.

The waters of the ocean around Newfoundland and the Pacific around Puget Sound and Alaska are well stocked with whales. Around Newfoundland the old methods of harpooning were in vogue for hundreds of years. So they were around New Bedford, and one woman in this country who is a multi-millionaire has been called "The Princess of Whales," because her fortune came largely from the whaleries. But the old styles of harpooning now hang their heads in shame. Modern methods are so superior and involved so much less danger that they have been generally adopted on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The present whaling method is to equip a whaler—a long, narrow, steel-covered boat—with machinery for rapid speed and with a gun which bears a long harpoon. This harpoon is thrown by machinery, and when once it lodges in a whale the end is near at hand.

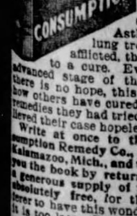
Caught by a New Plan.

On the coast of Newfoundland this method was emjloyed some years ago, but with poor success. Recently the whale industry has been revived in this section, and now large profits are made out of the carcasses, which are prepared for market in the most improved way. Alaska and the Puget sound districts have been more fortunate. The Pacific has not been so thoroughly canvassed for whales as the Atlantic. Those that have been caught were taken in a crude manner. But now there are up-to-date whaling stations and whaling vessels fitted out with the deadly gun that at no distant day the mother whale will tell the little whales to avoid.

The new method of whaling really comes from Norway. A Norwegian invented the gun and made a fortune from the patent. A boat equipped with one of these guns went around Cape Horn to Victoria, B. C., and the industry of harpooning whales soon began on the Pacific coast. It is claimed that there are enough whales in the Pacific ocean to last 100 years. But the realy reason why so much money is now made in whales is because every part of the carcass is used. There is a tough skin used for upholstery and a finer grade used for long kid gloves. Then there is tallow for candle making, bone fertilizers, guano, ambergris—the basis for fine perfumes—and there is any amount of oil and whale steak that tastes much like beefsteak. Whale meat is sold in cans.

Of course, there are several kinds of whales and their values differ. The most valuable is the bowhead, for it contains large quantities of oil, and it is a common thing to get as much as 60 or more barrels of oil from one sperm. Whale meat has been sold in Japan and China for some time. It is red, coarse and found inside the skin after the blubber and oil have been abstracted. It is probable that many people in restaurants in this country eat it without knowing what it is, but, at any rate, it is liked as well as many other canned meats, and there is no reason why it should not become commonly used. A whale is a big animal. Now that every particle can be utilized—for a recent process invented by a foreigner makes even the small bits of value—there is reason to suppose that more fortunes will be made out of whaling.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Vonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4159 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

WON'T CUT BEEF RATE

Commerce Commission Allows Increase.

Washington, July 15.—The interstate commerce commission announced today that the recently filed tariffs making advances in the freight rates on cattle and dressed beef between Chicago and New York had not been suspended. The matter arose through an inquiry from an important New York business house as to the proposed rates. The new tariff fixes the rates on cattle at 33 cents a 100 pounds and on dressed beef at 50 cents a 100, between Chicago and New York. The present rates are 28 cents on cattle and 45 cents on dressed beef. The proposed increases will become effective on August 1.

In response to the inquiry the commission wired the New York firm as follows:

"Tariff on cattle and dressed beef between Chicago and New York, fixing rates of 33 and 50 cents, respectively, from and after August 1, 1910, has not been suspended."

COLLEGE WOMAN IS STRICKEN

Mrs. Johnson, Professor Emeritus, Near Death at Oberlin.

Oberlin, July 18.—Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, professor emeritus of Oberlin college, is critically ill at her home here as the result of a stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. Johnston was connected with the woman's department of the college for many years. From 1870 until 1894 she acted as principal, and from 1894 until 1900 served as dean of the college women, as a teacher of history, as a member of the prudential committee and of the board of trustees. In 1907, when she retired from active work, she was appointed professor emeritus.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, July 20.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

WINS WAGER IN WORLD TRIP

St. John Man Drives 25,000 Miles With Four-Dog Team.

Los Angeles, July 15.—William Brown of St. Johns, N. F., arrived yesterday in a cart drawn by four dogs, saying that his arrival completed a 25,000 mile journey in his unusual vehicle, thereby winning a wager of $10,000.

As a result of the discussion among the members of the National Sporting club of New Foundland, Brown says the money was put up in 1906 to be paid to him provided that after leaving St. Johns without money he travel a distance equal to the circumference of the earth within seven years. After traveling through the eastern states, he says he took a steamer to Europe having obtained the money for his passage by selling pictures of his outfit. He traveled through Ireland and England as well as the continental countries.

GRAND RAPIDS GROWS FAST

Census Shows Michigan City Has 112,571.

Washington, July 18.—Grand Rapids has a population of 112,571 according to figures enumerated for the 13th census, issued by Director Durand today. This is an increase over 1900 of 25,006, or 28.6 per cent.

Hamilton county, Tennessee, including the city of Chattanooga, has 89,-267 inhabitants, an increase of 27,-572 over 1900.

BURIED IN COAL PIT 123 HOURS

Two Miners Finally Dug Out Alive by 100 Men.

Bochum, Prussia, July 18.—Two miners have been dug out of the Prinz Regent coal pit after 123 hours' burial. They were caught behind solid rock 130 feet thick, and were without food and drink. More than 100 men have been engaged day and night in hewing the rock.

RUN FROM EARTHQUAKE

Inhabitants of Munich Have Big Scare.

Munich, Bavaria, July 13.—A sharp earthquake was felt here at 9:45 o'clock this morning. The walls of several buildings were cracked.

The wave-like movement continued for three seconds, thoroughly terrifying the people who fled form their homes and remained in the streets long after the disturbance had ceased.

The shock was felt also in surrounding villages, including Garmisch. A report from Oberammergau says that the shock was noticeable there, but that little damage was done.

FIX ROOSEVELT TOURS

Aids Announce Schedule of Speeches.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 15.—Theodore Roosevelt gave out yesterday the itineraries of the two speaking tours he is soon to make—one into the west late in the summer, the other through the south in the early fall.

The two tours will resemble a campaign trip by a Presidential candidate, for Colonel Roosevelt will make not only as many set speeches as his traveling card permits, but he probably will deliver extemporaneous talks from the rear of his private car. For the first trip a car has already been chartered.

The western trip is to begin on August 25 and will end on September 11. The southern trip will extend from October 6 to October 13. The itineraries follow:

Western trip—August 25, leaves New York; August 27, arrives Cheyenne; August 29, Denver; August 31, Osawatomie, Kan.; September 2, Omaha; September 3, Sioux Falls, S. D.; September 5, Fargo, N. D.; September 6, St. Paul; September 10, Pittsburg; September 11, arrive New York.

Southern trip—October 6, leave New York; October 8, Atlanta, Ga.; October 10, Hot Springs, Ark.; October 12, Peoria, Ill.; October 13, speech in Indiana for Senator Beveridge at a place not yet chosen.

AERONAUT BADLY HURT

Loses Grip on Parachute — Strikes on Rocks.

Cleveland, July 18.—J. W. Dale, aeronaut at Lunt park, made an ascension Sundty, against the wishes of his wife, who awoke from a troubled sleep in the morning after dreaming of death. As a result of the trip in the balloon Dale lies at St. Alexis hospital with a dislocated wrist, a broken arm, two broken ribs, an injured spine and his lower limbs paralyzed.

When about 1,000 feet in the air the aeronaut took the parachute and jumped. As he neared the ground at the Erie crossing on East Sixty-fifth street he succeeded in avoiding telegraph wires by swinging his body from the vertical position in which he usually hangs while descending. But this motion brought him perilously close to a box car standing on a side track. Dale twisted his body out of the way of the car, but lost his grip and dropped 20 feet, landing on his back on the rock-ballasted roadbed.

He was taken to St. Alexis hospital, where an examination of the spine was made, but the physicians were unable positively to determine the injury as a fractured vertebra. There were indications of an internal hemorrhage, which might partially be responsible for the paralyzed condition of the lower part of the body.

During the last few months Dale and his wife have been practicing trapeze work for a double ascension. A double parachute is being constructed, and it was expected to be ready for them within a few days. Mrs. Dale said she will not attempt any ballooning now.

PRESIDENT TO CRUISE

Party Will Consist of Close Family Friends and Relatives.

Beverly, Mass., July 18.—President Taft arranged to leave Beverly late this afternoon for a 10 days' cruise in Maine waters.

The presidential yacht Mayflower, all white and spruced up for the trip, dropped down to Beverly from Gloucester yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Taft and the members of his family have been looking forward to the cruise with a great deal of pleasure. There will be no convoy, but the Mayflower will keep close to the shore and will be in wireless touch with navy stations along the coast the entire time the President is aboard.

The trip to Maine was planned at first wholly as a vacation outing.

Make Informal Speeches.

At the last moment the President consented to make three speeches at different points in Maine. The addresses will be entirely informal, however, and Mr. Taft will not touch upon politics in any way.

The first visit ashore and the first speech will be at Eastport where the Mayflower will arrive Tuesday at noon. The second speech will be at Bangor on Saturday, the 23d, and the third will be at Rockland on Tuesday, the 26th.

Mr. Taft will spend three days at Bar Harbor, where he will golf each afternoon. The Mayflower's itinerary in a general way is as follows:

Monday July 18.—Leave Beverly.

Tuesday, July 19.—At Eastport.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 20, 21, and 22.—At Bar Harbor.

Saturday, July 23.—At Pangor during the afternoon, spend the night at the home of Senator Hale, at Ellsworth.

Sunday and Monday, July 24 and 25.—Cruising near Bar Harbor and Islesboro, with a stop at the latter place.

Tuesday, July 26.—At Rock'and.

Wednesday, July 27.—At Biddeford Pool.

Thursday, July 28.—Arrive at Beverly.

The personnel of the party on the Mayflower is as follows:

The President, Mrs. Taft, Master Charlie Taft, Horace D. Taft, brother of the President; Prof. and Mrs. Louis T. More, of Cincinnati; Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop; Miss Mabel Boardman, Captain Archibald W. Butt.

Before going on board the Mayflower the President had a further conference with Senators Burton and Dick and Wade H. Ellis, chairman of the Ohio Republican state executive committee, regarding Ohio politics.

WAVED DANGER SIGNAL

Flagman Says Big Four Train Dashed Past Him.

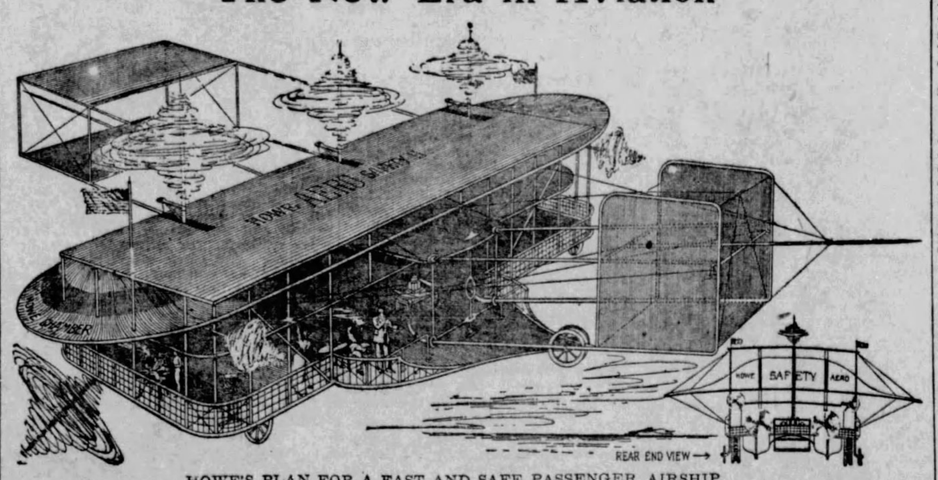
Middletown, July 16. New and important testimony was given by witnesses before the state railroad commission which is investigating the wreck of the Big Four passenger train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton tracks here July 4, in which 23 lives were lost.

C. E. Smith, rear brakeman on the freight train which was on the south siding at Middletown, testified that he noticed smoke on the main line seemingly at about Poasttown and that he ran back five telegraph poles with a flag.

He said he flagged the passenger train and the engineer answered his signal. He declares he stayed on the track waving the danger signal until the passenger train was almost upon him when he jumped aside. He said the train was running fully 70 miles an hour when it passed him.

Dispatcher Albert Smith, of Dayton, who was discharged by the C., H. & D. railroad, admitted to the commission that he had violated rules in not issuing the "bust" order to the superior train, the passenger, before giving it to the freight train. He said he did that on the supposition that the freight was then safely on the siding.

The New Era in Aviation



HOWE'S PLAN FOR A FAST AND SAFE PASSENGER AIRSHIP.

By Velasquez Howe.

Reading that interesting up-to-date serial, "The Sky Pirate," by Garrett P. Serviss, now running in The Blade, and recent contributions by Benjamin Karr, among which is his (Airship Possibilities) prompted me to resume practical interest in air travel—now challenging world attention.

In 1908 I discovered the missing link between the old-time dirigible of Santos Dumont and the aeroplane. I saw the practical need of a device subject to better control, more efficient for every day popular use, than the monster ponderous Count Zeppelin's and the limited aeroplane at its best, depending as it does on favorable weather conditions. Every detail of my machine has been put to a practical test and found to respond to my ideal of what the public has been looking for, namely, a fair chance of living through an air flight, meeting the all human desire to fly.

The average person loves company while enjoying pleasure in its various forms. The aeroplane as we now see it provides for no company—"on the wing."

If an extra person is taken on both he and the driver have to sit in a constrained, cramped position, not daring to move during flight; ease and comfort and mobility are as yet unknown aboard an aeroplane. Something infinitely better is at hand.

The general appearance of the proposed combination of aeroplane and balloon may be seen from the picture accompanying this article. The body is very large, to be 50 by 100 feet and the bottom boat-like in appearance.

The striking feature in the new airship is to be found in the safety chambers of aluminum which are designed to contain chemicals which generate a gas 50 per cent lighter than any now in use for the purposes of buoyancy. In the use of this gas lies the real secret and the principle of the new flyer. It is in the use of this new gas, generated by chemicals to be kept in these air-tight chambers, that this airship differs from every other that has been built. The new gas requires only half the space per cubic foot now used by other machines, and is extremely highly concentrated. By the use of this gas the aero is constantly under the absolute control of the operator, even with the driving power eliminated.

The machine of the dimensions indicated in the picture can lift three tons on a vertical line.

The aeroplane is made so that it can ascend from the water as well as land. The model has been made and responds perfectly to the design. The new machine is a distinct contribution to the utility of aeronautics.

MEN CURED $3.70 WORTH OF TREATMENT FREE

To Weak, Nervous, Diseased Men

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once for the Free Course of Treatment and a Valuable Book, "GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN," Free.

Don't delay, you may not see this offer again. It's too good to miss, treatment different and better than you've had nothing like it, cures forever, makes healthy, strong vigorous men no difference how bad or weak you are.

The Chicago Men-Specialist Co. are giving away a course of treatment to the first 10,000 men who fill out the coupon below, to advertise all over the land the wonderful success they are making in curing men.

Personal to Men—We know diseases and weakness of men, no guesswork or experimenting. In our years of practice treating men's diseases and weakness we've learned that thousands have given up hopes of a cure because they have been humbugged and disappointed by self-styled specialists and taken worthless remedies. We know how men suffer, sympathize with them in their worry over their troubles. Thousands have come to us in despair, ashamed, debilitated, losing ambition, strength, mind, unfit for duties, work, pleasure, marriage. What a terrible condition. We are anxious for discouraged, poor men to have a free treatment.

Consult SKILLED SPECIALISTS Who Cure After Others Fail

No. C. O. D.'s—chartered under Illinois State Laws to treat diseases of men; reliable, recommended by patients and former patients, no disappointment. Correspondence confidential, everything secret, plain envelopes and packages, no chance for others to know your trouble or that you are taking treatment from us.

WE CURE THESE DISEASES So They Never Come Back

BLOOD POISON AND SKIN DISEASES—Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Mouth, Throat, Tongue, Falling Hair or Eyebrows, Eczema, Itching, Burning, Aching in Bones, Joints, Swollen Glands.

CURES AFTER HOT SPRINGS FAIL. Treatment from 15 to 30 days takes away signs of trouble. It creates fresh, pure blood, so there is no comeback to the disease and you will stay cured.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, URINARY TROUBLES—Frequent Desire, Straining, Pain, Discharge, Pain in Back, Enlarged Prostate, Itching, Burning, Swelling, Uric Acid, Reddish Sediment and Color, Strong Smell, Rheumatism and other debilitating symptoms.

We stop the above troubles right away and they don't come back because a cure is effected.

NERVOUSNESS, WASTED VITALITY, FAILING POWER, DEBILITY — Nervousness, Weakness, Loss of Vitality, Bad Dreams, Drains on the system, Poor Memory, Loss of Energy, Ambition, Timid, Headache, Backache, Abuse, Excesses, Melancholy, Easily Excited, Restless at Night, are some of the symptoms that destroy manhood.

A safe, rapid and permanent cure is found by men from the animal extracts treatment we give them. All of the above symptoms are soon gone; strength, vim, vig

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

THE WORST BOY

BY ELIZABETH

"He is a regular terror."

"He is the worst boy in the neighborhood."

"All the neighbors say he is something fierce."

This was the report from one who had been obliged to listen to the gossip of this particular neighborhood. The boy is everything that is bad, according to the say of the neighborhood in which he lives. He is a hardened ruffian, and yet, this lost sinner, is only a little boy, 13 or 14 years of age. He is a boy whose father is counted among those missing; among those who may be charged with gross neglect of duty.

His mother works for the support of herself and her children, and, while engaged in this work, she must be from home throughout the day. When she returns at evening, she is too often met with accounts of her son's evil-doings, and the accounts are given to her in a manner which brings tears and heartache, and almost despair.

A lovely benediction to a day spent by this woman in honest toil and wage-earning, and this benediction is given her by her neighbors. None seem to offer her help in her half-helplessness. None seem to have anything to offer except blame and censure for the boy who is still in her eyes, her baby, her first born.

The men, who more than any, might do much to aid, are especially severe in their condemnation of this "worst boy in the neighborhood." They forget the mischievous doings of their own boytime. The women, never having been boys, of course cannot be expected to remember such doings. None seem to take any interest in this little boy, except to talk much of his wrongdoing, and to treat him as if he were an outcast, beyond redemption.

His mother is away all day. She does not see this side of her son, and she cannot understand why he should be called, "the worst boy in the neighborhood." He is never the worst boy to her.

There is one thing certain in this case. This particular neighborhood is the worst kind of a neighborhood for the worst boy who lives in it. Among this people, he never can grow better. It is always expected that he will do the worst, therefore he is likely to try to live up to these expectations, and do the worst he can, until he can do still worse.

The case in question is far from being the only case of this kind in existence. These cases are numberless, and, while much is being done to turn these worst of boys into best ones, a vital thing is much forgotten. This vital thing is neighborly love and neighborly helpfulness, the one to the other. An entire neighborhood arrayed against one small boy whose worst so far, has been nothing worse than mischief!

Is this civilization?

Even if there were sinning, lawbreaking, call it what you will, it is no excuse for making of a child an outcast, to place upon him the stigma of being "the worst," and to turn upon him, the cold shoulder.

This is a case for the helping hand, for kindness and for treatment that shall win him, not for treatment that makes him feel he is shunned and hated as one who lives beyond the gates of love, and of law and order.

Many a worst boy has grown into a best sort of man, if he escapes in time from the baneful influence of an antagonistic, condemning neighborhood, and comes under an influence that developes the good which surely within him lies.

It takes but a little thing to turn the tide in the affairs of men. It takes but a little bit of kindness, a little bit of comradeship, of understanding, to turn the tide in the affairs of the worst boy in the neighborhood. There is none who would let him go cold and hungry. Some one would hasten to attend to needs such as these, but alas, in the greater need, it is rare to find one who feels an individual responsibility.

If there is a worst boy in your neighborhood, it is your part to show him kindness; to be to him a friend and comrade; to get hold of and bring out the good side of his nature, especially if it happens he is, through necessity, left much alone and to his own devices. It is not the part of charity, not the part of human feeling, to turn from him or shun him, or brand him with the mark of wickedness.

This is a plea, not only for the worst boy, but also for his mother.

By the way, regarding the boy about whom this is written, one who does not live in his neighborhood, and unknowing of his reputation, said to me about him: "He is a nice little fellow; a real little gentleman."

You see, always there are two sides to a question. Always there are two sides to an individual. Help to bring the best side uppermost, and you will be lending the helping hand where the helping hand is most needed.

Here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Cheer up! It might be worse.

So long as you live a clean, honest, upright life, you do not have to care what any one may say against you. You do not have to make any explanations; you may go your way, fearlessly.

Every flash of anger you give out is a spark that ignites a flame.

There are greater things in life than mere money, though, of course we need the price for a few of the necessities.

When you find you are on the wrong road, take another way, and forget to go back over the old road, picking up stones to throw at yourself and your past sins and follies.

The home where there are bickerings, unkindness and scolding, is not a home.

Persistent kindness and gentleness win out every time, if you only practice them long enough.

If you must get mad, get over it as soon as possible. Meantime, stay away from the one you think you are mad at. Nursing an injury forever, is a tiresome task.

Trying to make other people good by force is a useless occupation. The greatest sinners are sometimes those who try to force their idea of goodness upon others.

If you think you have nothing to be happy about yourself, do something to make some one else happy. The happy feeling is contagious. So is the other kind.

One sure way for people to pull together, is to have faith in one another. Distrust gets the bouquet handed to it that it deserves.

You are walking in absolute darkness until your sympathy, kindness and helpfulness for all sorts and conditions of people come awake.

If you have no fear, you shall find little to have fear of.

Well, here's hoping.

SHE TAUGHT.

Mrs. Taft, wife of the President, was a school teacher for three years in the early '80's. As Miss Herron, she had charge of the primary department of a school at Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati, O.

FROM AN OLD VOLUME

TODAY I've been taking another excursion through the old volume of Mr. Godey's Lady's Books, from which I have already passed on to you several stories, intended as light and airy literature for summer reading. In my many excursions, this I have discovered: one may find most anything in Mr. Godey's old volume, and my latest find is a bit of information concerning parasols and umbrellas.

The present being either the parasol or umbrella season, according to which you choose to carry if you are addicted to the parasol and umbrella habit, it may be that a subject which has the merit of being timely, will prove interesting and entertaining. At all events, the pictures which go with the story are rather funny, and it will do you no harm to know a little of the history of our fair and foul weather companions, which no well-regulated family of these days pretends to keep house without.

The parasol, like many another thing common to everyday life, was, in its beginning, a rarity and a sign of riches. The article in Mr. Godey's relates that the parasol is more ancient than the umbrella, and its history may be traced back to a very remote period in the annals of the Chinese and the Hindoo peoples. In all eastern countries, with the exception of China and Turkey, the parasol was sacred to the use of royalty and to men of court importance. In China, however, every native son and daughter was free to carry a parasol whenever inclination dictated.

Modern history of the parasol and umbrella begins about the middle of the seventeenth century, when they came into general use in France and England. The English ladies of Queen Anne's reign, during the early part of the eighteenth century, used umbrellas to protect them from the rain. The first man who dared to pioneer in umbrella carrying was Jonas Hanway, an eminent philanthropist of the eighteenth century. Hanway was a friend of the poor children of his time, and he was especially a friend to the chimney sweeps of London, so he had a right to carry as many umbrellas as he pleased, simultaneously and together.

JONAS HANWAY

The first Englishman who ever carried an umbrella.

"SAILED TRIUMPHANTLY INTO THE HARBOR"

Embellishing the parasol and umbrella article in Mr. Godey's is this umbrella story, doubtless added as a sort of trimming to the plain facts. It is not necessary to repeat the entire story, but I shall tell you enough of it so you may see the point.

The hero of the tale is named Colonel Longbow. He is a soldier of fortune, who lived by his wits and told entertaining stories by way of paying for his dinners. He was always the star actor in his own tales, and the tale he told in this instance, was of the miraculous escape from a watery death, he owed to an umbrella. It happened, that the colonel while standing on the verge of a precipice overlooking a sea, then running mountain high, was holding over his head a huge gingham umbrella to protect him from the torrent of wind-swept rain. Suddenly, a furious blast of wind drove across the cliff, and lifted the colonel bodily in the air. Away he flew, far out to sea, the umbrella acting as a parachute to let him fall easy.

On coming up to the surface of the water after his first dip, he found that swimming would not save him; so with rare presence of mind, he emptied out the water contained in the umbrella, seated himself upon it, and sailed triumphantly into the harbor.

Of course this is one of the stories we are expected to laugh at but not to believe, and just because one good laugh deserves another, I'll try to match this old-time absurdity, with one of modern invention.

The modern invention is this: A fireman, wearing boots, coat, helmet, and gloves, all made of rubber, and carrying a large piece of rubber hose in his hands, fell from the top of a high building. He struck the ground then, owing to the bouncing qualities of his rubber equipment, he bounced up in the air again. Every time he touched ground, he bounced back into the air, and kept on bouncing. He could neither be stopped nor caught, and finally, it was necessary to shoot him in order to keep him from starving to death.

You may believe this story or not, as you please; my opinion of it is, that it is an outrageous yarn.

A little fun now and then, is a good thing for everyone to have, which is the reason this has been written. It may be you will find it amusing, and it may be you will not. This will happen according to your state of feeling, or sense of humor; anyway, whichever it may be, I pass this on with the best of intentions, so Here's hoping.—ELIZABETH.

POETS' CORNER

I'M LONELY SINCE MY MOTHER DIED

Author Unknown.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near,
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the silent heartfelt tear.
Of earthly friends she was the best,
My erring, youthful steps to guide,
Oh, do not smile because I weep.
I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near,
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Nor stay the silent, heartfelt tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong
To let these tears so often flow,
But those who've lost a mother's love
Can tell the pain of my sad woe.
Cold I but call her back again,
And kneel once more down by her side,
I'd love her better than before,
I'm lonely since my mother died.

O, you, who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain;
But cherish, love her with your life,
You ne'er can have her like again.
Then when she's called from you away
Across death's dark and troubled tide,
In pain, with me, you need not say:
I'm lonely since my mother died.

A CHRYSALIS

Mary Emily Bradley.

My little madchen found one day,
A curious something in her play;
That was not fruit, nor flower, nor seed;
It was not anything that grew,
Or crept, or climbed, or swam, or flew;
Had neither legs nor wings, indeed;
And yet she was not sure she said,
Whether it was alive or dead.

She brought it in her tiny hand,
To see if I would understand,
And pondered when I made reply,
"You've found a baby butterfly."
"A butterfly is not like this,"
With doubtful look she answered me,
Or then I told her what would be
Some day within the chrysalis.

How slowly in the dull brown thing,
Now still as death, a spotted wing,
And then another would unfold,
Till from the empty shell would fly,
A pretty creature, by and by,
All radiant in blue and gold.
"And will it truly?" questioned she—
Her laughing lips and eager eyes
All in a sparkle of surprise—
"And shall your little madchen see?"
"She shall," I said. How could I tell
That ere the worm within its shell
Its gauzy, splendid wings had spread,
My little madchen would be dead?

Today the butterfly has flown—
She was not here to see it fly—
And sorrowing I wonder why
That empty shell is mine alone.
Perhaps the secret lies in this;
I, too, had found a chrysalis,
And death that robbed me of delight,
Was but the radiant creature's flight.

THE RAINY DAY

By Henry W. Longfellow.

The day is cold and dark, and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

WELL, HERE'S HOPING.

YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

Author Unknown.

Last night I dreamed a sweet, sweet dream,
I thought I saw my home, sweet home.
And, oh, how grand it all did seem,
I made a vow no more to roam.
By the dear old village church I strolled,
While the bell in the steeple sadly tolled,
I saw my daddy old and gray,
I heard my dear old mother say,

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May,
And we love you in the same old way;
We've been longing for you day by day;
You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May.

I dream'd I saw my sweetheart, Bess,
And once again we pledg'd our love;
I listn'd to her low sweet "yes;"
The moon was shining from above;
Then we talked of happy days of yore,
And the day that I left my home, heartsore,
My thoughts are many miles away,
I long to hear my sweetheart say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May, etc.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

Author Unknown.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway,
A warrior bold with spurs of gold,
Sang merrily his lay,
Sang merrily his lay,
My love is young and fair,
My love hath golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
That none with her compare.
So what care I, tho' death be nigh,
I'll live for love or die,
So what care I, tho' death be nigh,
I'll live for love or die.

So this brave knight, in armor bright,
Went gally to the fray,
He fought the fight, but ere the night,
His soul had pass'd away,
His soul had pass'd away,
The plighted ring he wore,
Was crushed and wet with gore,
Yet ere he died, he bravely cried,
I've kept the vow I swore,
So what care I tho' death be nigh,
I've fought for love and die.
So what care I, tho' death be nigh,
I've fought for love, I've fought for love,
I've fought for love, for love, for love
I die.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE

I am a jovial collier lad,
As blithe as blithe can be,
For let the times be good or bad,
They're all the same to me;
'Tis little of the world I know,
And care less for its ways,
For where the dog-star never glows,
I wear away my days.

CHORUS:

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black,
With working in the vein,
And like the clothes upon my back,
My speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue,
I've one excuse to say,
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
'Tis the head that goes astray.

At every shift, be it soon or late,
I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my kindred wait,
And watch for my return;
For, death that levels all alike,
What e'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike,
And fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care,
Who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare—
What hardships they endure!
The very fires their mansions boast,
To cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost,
Of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up, lads, and make ye much
Of every joy ye can,
But let your mirth be always such,
As best becomes a man;
However fortune turns about,
We'll still be jovial souls,
For what would nations be without
The lads that look for coals.

POEMS REQUESTED

A poem wanted has these lines:
Low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly.

The song containing the following lines is asked for:
I'm a broken down man without money or credit.

"Found dead in the doorway on Chestnut street," is a clue to a poem wanted.

One of our friends wants the verses which have these lines:
In a thatch-covered cot
By the bend in the road.

These are the opening lines of a poem asked for:
Singing for Jesus, my blessed redeemer,
God of the pilgrim for Thee I will sing.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

EARLY EXPERIENCES

Having advanced two instalments of Western Travel to this department we suddenly came to the conclusion that we had started the hounds in advance of the hare, so we will turn backward.

In my 17th year, the school district adjoining the one where I claimed residence, unanimously chose the writer of this to wield the birch rod for the dissemination of knowledge in their midst. This was a new wrinkle on the placid river of life. We called to our aid all the wisdom of Solomon, and laid down, as we thought, rules sufficient to govern the Continental Congress of the United States. What was our surprise the first evening after calling the roll and adding the finishing touches to our first diary to hear: "Teacher! Teacher!"

"What?" we returned.

"Tom Aulthizer and Lewis Murphey are fighting in the school yard," we were answered.

We detailed two young men to bring the culprits into our august presence.

"Well, Aulthizer and Murphey," we remarked sternly, "you heard the rules read governing this school?"

"Yes, sir," they answered.

"And have broken them," we said, "in less than 15 minutes."

We then and there produced a rod and administered corporal punishment. That act had the effect of clinching our authority over that school of 46 scholars.

We taught there five months without another uprising, yet the experience we gained in that term of school knocked all the egotism from our imagination. We mentally came to the conclusion that we were lacking in calibre for a first-class professor. We had always been used to a rambling life, and five months' confinement in the spring had a deleterious effect upon our animal spirits. We prevailed upon the school board to cancel the remainder of our term of tuition, bought a new scythe and whetstone, and one Monday morning we entered the hayfield. There were no mowing machines then, only the "Armstrong." When we got ready for action our company consisted of seven Hoosiers. The place was a south hillside meadow, with woods on the west, woods on the south and bordered by Sugar Branch, a fine stream. We had had a good rainstorm the night preceding. Before we began work our foreman cast a contemptuous glance at me, exclaiming, "We're good for one schoolteacher's hide today."

The foreman started, a man named Brown followed next, then came the writer, the rest following. The sun boiled down. There was no shade, no wind and oceans of perspiration oozed from every cell in our anatomy. Soon one of our rear men fell out. Ere we arrived at the top of the hill two more vacant places occurred. Then another Hoosier changed residence. The foreman came out. I followed in three more licks. Then the horn sounded for dinner. Brown, now in my rear, atempted to cheer the echo of the horn, but made only a feeble effort. The foreman exclaimed, "Schoolteacher, your hide is safe." We told him that we were enjoying ourself hugely, that all a man of our age and size needed was physical exercise.—To be continued by Lewis B. Jessup, Indiana.

AN OUTING.

Friends of the Cozy Corner—It is Saturday afternoon, and surely we have worked hard enough during the week to earn part of a holiday, so the lunch box is packed, old Jim is harnessed to the carriage, and we hie us away over pleasant country roads, past fertile fields and prosperous-looking dwellings, to the beautiful Soldiers' Home, distant about four miles from Dayton, Ohio. Of course, we may not drive in the Home grounds to enjoy our lunch, so we find a secluded spot just outside. How good everything tastes. We never realized we were so hungry.

We go to one of the many springs on the grounds and refresh ourselves with a cold drink of sparkling water and now to the band concert. Old Jim must go a little faster, for the band concert has begun. I hear them playing Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, and I know it is an evening of the Scotch ballads that I love so well.

There are only certain places where vehicles may stand, but here we are for an hour of solid comfort, for truly "music hath charms." The closing number of the concerts at the Home is always The Star Spangled Banner, when all men stand with uncovered heads, and as I looked at the rows of old soldiers, I was glad our government is just to the Boys in Blue in providing them with such a home, good clothing and the best of everything to eat.

The concert is ended and we drive slowly home in the cool, quiet evening, with the stars so bright and beautiful above. The cares of the day are forgotten, and we are ready for the peaceful sleep which comes to all who, as Van Dyke says, spend as much time as possible with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors.—Alice M., Ohio.

FROM A "SHUT-IN."

Give room, please, for one of the old Cozy Corner members who has been absent for one long year. There, thank you, I am pleased to sit near Grandma, with her motherly arms around me, while I talk for a few minutes. Ye, I have been an interested reader of the Household page every week, and I, for one, derive much pleasure from reading the C. C. and M. G. R. letters.

Mrs. Alice Dunbar of Arkansas, your descriptive letters are going to find a place of safety in my scrapbook. I enjoy reading them so much. Aunt Florence of Ohio, your last letter contained beautiful thoughts—pure and uplifting. Only a Girl, Michigan, what a lovely imaginary letter you wrote. It conveyed the thought that you have an aim in life. The first requisite for success in the life that is before youth is simply energy. Determination and perseverance will most surely overcome all difficulties. Nothing will be impossible, no position so lofty as to be unattainable.

Wyandotte, Nina Wilson, and oh, so many others whose letters come as golden gleams of sunshine, use the opportunity of casting rays of brightness into the lives of those who are watching for your letters.

"It was only a glad good-morning as she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning-glory over the livelong day."

There are so many opportunities of doing the little things that make others happy.

May all the sisters strive to use these opportunities, keeping their faces toward the dawn, looking on the hills whence cometh our help to the higher life and the loftiest vision, knowing that our lives are ordered by One who loves us, and brings to each day that measure of the bitter and the sweet which, according to the judgment of ifinite wisdom, is most conducive to our true happiness and welfare.

I wonder how many of you enjoy country life, hearing the birds sing, the crickets chirp, and seeing the broad fields carpeted with a lovely green. All nature is now beautiful out here in the West Virginia hills. I love the country with all its beauties and scenery, although I am—A West Virginia Shut-In.

A FEW LINES

I am a reader of The Blade, and I like to read the letters from the different states, and it may be some one would like to hear from me. I live in Scott county, Tennessee. I am a farmer's wife. I enjoy farm life, and I was almost raised in the field. I have not forgotten yet how to work. I do all of my housework and raise all kinds of garden vegetables for family use and to sell. I think I do very well. I am nearly 50 years old and have raised a large family. I have not raised any girls to help me. I will stop for this time and write again in the future.—A Cheerful Housewife, Tennessee.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

I hope everybody is well and happy and doing the best they can. The weather is very warm at the present time of writing, but I supopse it is good for the crops.

A New Subscriber—You guessed wrong every time. Don't get mad at —Elizabeth.

Spitfier of Illinois—The tissue paper wings are ready, but so far I have not been able to discover an angel man. Here's hoping.

I remarked that you might "come back at me" about the "marriage problem" editorial, but I did not promise to publish the letters that came back. The weather is too warm to handle fire. The so-called marriage problem is a closed book, so far as these columns are concerned. Everybody try to be happy.

"ROASTED."

The small newsboy was leaning up against the wall, sobbing bitterly. "Cheer up, my little man," said a passerby. "What's the use of worrying? You may be President some day." "S-say," sobbed the little fellow, "it s-sure do l-look as if I was h-headed dat way; somebody's allers a-roastin' me."—Chicago Daily News.

A STITCH IN TIME.

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the henyard she shook her head in disapproval.

"Grandpa," she said gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."—The Delineator.

TO CAN VEGETABLES

We are much obliged to Emma Paddock Telford for the following recipes. They are taken from The Housewives' club, her department in The Delineator. These come from the August number.:

Canned String Beans—Select young and tender beans; string and cut or break into short lengths. Fill thoroughly sterilized glass jars with the beans, pressing in compactly until the jar is filled to within an inch of the top. Add a teaspoonful of salt and fill the jar to the top with cold water. Put the rubber ring around the neck of the jar, and place the glass top on loosely. If you use the springtop jar do not press it down.

Have ready the boiler or large-bottomed kettle with the wooden or wire rack in the bottom. Put in as many jars as the space will accommodate without permitting them to touch. A coil of rope is a good thing for keeping them separated. Pour in cold water to cover the cans to about half their depth, adjust the cover of the boiler and set over the fire. Bring the water to a boil and cook steadily for an hour. At the end of that time take off the cover of the boiler to let the steam escape, screw the tops of the cans tightly or press down the spring, and let stand in the boiler until the next day.

On the next day raise the spring again or partly unscrew the top so as to relieve the pressure from the steam about to be generated. Add more water to the boiler, if necessary, and cook an hour or two more. Again screw tightly and leave until the third day. Repeat the same process on the third day, cooking for as many hours as it is necessary to make sterilization complete, then screw tightly, and when cold, label and put away. In taking jars from the boiler be careful not to expose them to drafts, as a sudden change in temperature is apt to crack the jar.

Canned Corn—Pluck the corn when the grains are full of milk and before they have commenced to harden. Husk, silk and with a sharp knife cut the grains from the ear, pressing out the juice from the hull. Pack the jar as full as possible, add a teaspoonful of salt and proceed as with the beans.

Canned Cauliflower—Cut the cauliflower into flowerets as in pickling. Pack into jars and sterilize.

To Can Summer Squash—The vegetable may be cut into cubes, packed in the jars with the usual amount of salt and water and cooked the same as the beans; or the squash may be peeled, cooked in a kettle in the usual way as when prepared for the table, then packed in jars and sterilized. If canned in this way, extend the time of cooking an hour and a half each way, for three days; pumpkin and winter squash may be treated in the same way.

Egg Plant—Peel the plant, cut in thick slices and drop into boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and pack the slices in a jar, proceeding as with the other vegetables.

Canned Okra—Wash the young and tender pods, cut in inch pieces, pack in jars and proceed as usual.

Spinach, Dandelions and Other Greens Canned—As these shrink greatly in the cooking, cook in a little boiling salted water until tender, then drain and pack in the cans, proceeding as with summer squash.

To Can Asparagus—Wash and trim the asparagus into even lengths, put heads up in a deep round saucepan, cover with boiling water and cook 15 minutes. Drain, cook and arrange neatly in perfectly straight-sided jars, add a teaspoonful of salt and fill to overflowing with cold water. Lay on the tops and boil for an hour. On the second day repeat the boiling for a half hour and the third day an hour. Asparagus keeps particularly well.

Tomatoes Canned Whole—Select medium-sized solid tomatoes. Put in a wire basket and plunge in a pan of boiling water. Rub off the skins and arrange in wide-mouthed jars. Fill with cold water, adjust the rubbers, lay on the tops and stand in the wash boiler. Cover, bring to the boiling point and boil half an hour. Screw down the tops and leave in the boiler until the next day. Repeat the cooking for another half hour, reckoning from the time the water reaches the boiling point, then screw tightly. Tomatoes are easily kept and do not require as long cooking as most vegetables.

Stewed Canned Tomatoes—Fill jars with cooked tomato, scalding hot, screw tightly, invert, and let stand in that position until cold. Corn and okra may be cooked with tomato and canned, but in this case the tomatoes will require longer cooking.—E. P. T.

How to Can Sweet Potatoes—Prepare a syrup by dissolving a quarter of a pound of white sugar in each quart of water. When dissolved, simmer for a few minutes. Boil the sweet potatoes—after peeling and slicing them. When tender, place the slices in glass jars, nearly filling the jars. Then pour in the hot syrup, letting it flow over the tops of the jars. Seal tightly, and after cleansing the jars in hot water place them in paper bags and put them away in a cool, dry, dark place.—Mrs. M. S., Boston, Mass.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

If I stand I rust. Rust and idleness are inseparable. When we see a rusty plow or a tarnished coin, we say at once, they have not been in use for some time. Suppose the little flower should say, "I have been here in the wilderness, blooming for thousands of years, with no one to look on my bright hues; no one to be regaled by my sweet perfume. I will cease to exist."

Would that be fulfilling its mission? Certainly not. Each season it leaves a seed or germ that perpetuates its species and so fulfills its mission.

If one of the planets should say, "I have been revolving around my orbit for millions of years. I shall stop a while."

There would be discord at once. It would immediately fall to the sun or to some other planet, disturbing the equilibrium of all the rest. Just so with us when we do not do our part; some one else will have to do it for us, putting extra duty on others and taking from them time for their own which we have no right to do.

The little rill that leaps down the mountainside praises God as it ripples over rocks and pebbles, and keeps pure and sweet, but when it reaches the bottom and settles in a pool, it becomes stagnant and repulsive. Animalculae find a shelter and a breeding place there.

It is said an idle brain is the devil's workshop. An idle brain becomes stagnant and loathsome, and debasing thoughts find lodgment there. Were you ever in a household where the family had nothing to do? Did you notice how miserable they all were? The only happy person in that house was the cook, singing her ragtime ditties over a steaming stove. Work, not drudgery, is a blessing.

It never pays to fret and growl,
when fortune seems our foe,
The better bred will push ahead,
And strike the braver blow;
For luck is work, and those who shirk,
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play and clear the way,
That better men have room.

—Gottlieb Mohr, West Virginia

I have been thinking of writing a letter to the M. G. R. for some time, so I shall begin now. My home is in Lewis county, West Virginia, almost in sight of the old Jackson Mill, the home of Stonewall Jackson's boyhood. I live on a farm of 275 acres. There are three gas wells on the farm. The latest one was completed in May, 1910. My family is small. I have a dear, good husband and a sweet little girl, 4 years old. I would hardly know how to keep house without my little girl.

I am a lover of flowers, music and good books, although I am not much of a musician and find but little time to attend to flowers. I spend most of my spare time in reading. I will close for now, and write again soon.—Mrs. B., West Virginia.

I am tired of sitting here in the corner listening to the others express their thoughts. They are very entertaining, but I want to say just a few words. I live on a farm in western North Carolina. Our mountain scenery is grand. The climate is delightful. Every breath is exhilarating and every drink of our pure water is a tonic. We live near the Hiawassee river, which affords good fishing and boating in the summer. Altogether this is an ideal place for a summer home.

I am a great lover of flowers and scenery, also of good books, and spend a great deal of my time reading during the summer vacation. Among my favorite books are Thelma, St. Elmo, and Surry of Eagle's Nest.

What has become of "Gadabout," and "California Cow Girl"? We are missing them. As this is my first visit I will sit down and let someone else speak.Brown-Eyed Girl, North Carolina.

Dear Toledo Blade—Here come two little brothers, six and eight years old. Our papa is a subscriber to your paper and we are always anxious for it to come so we may read the Cozy Corner, which we find very interesting. We have two little sisters, and one little brother. We also have a little brother in heaven. Our baby sister's name is Margery Jordan. She is our little pet. Our other sister's name is Virginia. She is nearly five. Our little brother's name is Dick. He is going on three.

We went to school last winter, but we have no school now. We help mamma with the chickens and turkeys, carry in the wood and gather in the eggs. We live on a farm of 130 acres, about eight miles from Bland Courthouse, which is our post office. The mail passes right by our door every day. Well, I guess we are staying too long. We hope to see this in print. Kindly—Ellis and Byrnes Hutchins, Virginia.

Children's Letters

I am a little boy 8 years old, my father is a groceryman. We live in sunny Southern California, three miles from Newport Beach, in Orange county, and 35 miles from Los Angeles.

We have a nice home in Greensboro, N. C., where I was born and lived until I was 6 years old, when we came to California and spent one winter going home in the spring. But papa and mamma like the climate so well we all started again in the fall for the Golden state, so you see I have crossed the continent three times. The last time we came west we stopped at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona, and I thought it was grand indeed. I live where I can see the Pacific on one side and the Sierra Nevada mountain range on the other. While I wade in the ocean in January I can look north and see the mountains covered with snow. The winter being the rainy season we have the most flowers then, but there are flowers, flowers everywhere all the year round, and the orange, lemon and olive orchards are something to remember. Yet I love old North Carolina beyond description. I shall never go back on the Tar Heels. I have two grandmothers living there that I would so much like to see. I love the children's letters in the dear old Blade, and hope to see mine in print. —Starr Ozment, California.

Dear Girls and Boys—I am a little girl, thirteen years old and I live in the state of dear, old Tennessee. My father has taken the Blade for nearly twenty years. The first page I turn to is the Household page. I like the M. G. R. band all right, and also the poems, but I like the children's letters best. I will close as this the first time I have written to the Blade. Good-bye, one and all.

P. S. I will write again if I see this in print. Your friend,—Jessie Anderson, Tennessee.

Good morning, boys and girls—I have never written a letter to the Blade before, but I have read yours. I am a girl eleven years old. I live in the country on a farm. I like the farm. My pets are a cow named Pansey, a calf named Trixie, and a sheep named Nannie. She has a little lamb named Lady March. I have 16 hens and 25 chickens. We have 33 cows and four horses. I go to school at East Calais, Vermont. My teacher was Miss Blanch Brandfield. I liked her very much. If I may, I will come again.—Ruth M. Brown, Sunny Brook Farm, Vermont.

M. G. A. AFFAIRS

It's sure enough summer. Have you noticed it?

Confidence—You are taking a slight matter too seriously. Forget it and be pleasant. By the way, if you have "confidence" in me, why did you not sign your real name to your letter?—Elizabeth.

Rambler—No, Rambler, it is not sinful to wear "rats" in your hair, but they are bad for the hair, anyway; rats are out of fashion. It's time to call them in.

Well, here's hoping.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES

Take one and a half pounds of rock alum and pour over three pints of boiling water. When cool put it into a wide-mouthed jar and hang in the grasses, a few at a time. Do not let them get too heavy with the crystal, or the stems will not support them. Heat the alum water again, and repeat as at first, until you have crystalized as many grasses as you want. Adding a little coloring matter will give a pleasing variety, if color is liked in the grass bouquet.—Grey Wing.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

The sun has risen this morning, whether I can see it or not. The sun has risen. "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world."

MONDAY

This day whether it brings toil, pleasure or perplexity, I will carry through it a brave and cheerful heart.

TUESDAY

The present moment is the only moment I have to think about. Not with possible future troubles should I vex my spirit.

WEDNESDAY

That which I give out shall I receive in return. Therefore, I shall try to give out only that which is good.

THURSDAY

I know that every cloud has a silver lining, then why do I not act as if I believe it?

FRIDAY

This is as good a day as any other day in the week, if I make it so.

SATURDAY

The greatest thing in life is love, and to have this greatest thing, I must love others better than myself.

ELIZABETH.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed postcards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address H.F. MOSER, 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Oronogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and has also relieved the bearing down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. MAE MCKNIGHT, Oronogo, Mo.

Another Grateful Woman.

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing down pains and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more troubles that way."—Mrs. AL. HERZOG, 5723 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

WOMAN IS SLAIN

Doctor, Formerly of Detroit, Wanted by Police of London.

London, July 14.—Scotland Yard is engaged with the murder of an American woman, and today cabled the police of the United States requesting the arrest of the woman's husband, Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, also an American who is believed to have sailed for New York on Saturday last. The body of the woman was found in a cellar.

The case is strikingly similar to that of the Charlton murder at Lake Como, Italy. Both women were actresses who left their American homes to meet death by violence in a foreign land, and in each instance the police pursued the American husband to the shores of his native land.

No Chance for Freedom.

In the absence of an extradition treaty between the United States and Italy specifically providing for the return to either country of a citizen of the other country who has committed a crime abroad, Charlton may go free. In the present case no such complications are probable, as the British-American extradition treaty leaves no loophole of which a suspected criminal may take advantage.

The London police have made a definite charge against Dr. Crippen and propose to get him, with the cooperation of the American authorities.

Man Is 50 Years Old.

Dr. Crippen, who is a dentist and 50 years of age, has made his home for some time at 39 Hilldrop Cresecent, North London. Some time ago his wife, Belle Elmore, a vaudeville actress and treasurer of the Music Hall Artists' Guild, disappeared and subsequently a notice of her death appeared in the local papers. The fact of her demise was generally credited, but there was more or less gossip among the woman's intimates, and this finally reached the ears of the police. The latter visited Dr. Crippen and the interview appeared to be satisfactory.

Disappeared Last Saturday.

Last Saturday Dr. Crippen disappeared and since then the police have not been able to locate him. Yesterday a search of the Crippen house was made and the battered body of a woman was found buried in the cellar. It had been placed in quicklime and was burned beyond recognition, but the finding of the body, together with other discoveries today, has left no doubt in the minds of the authorities that the murdered woman was Mrs. Crippen.

Sir Melville MacNaughton, chief of the Criminal Investigation department of Scotland Yard, took the matter in hand and developments followed rapidly.

Cable American Police.

The first thing the police did today was to cable to the police of American ports asking them to search incoming steamers for Crippen who was described with the aliases of Peter Crippen and Francke Crippen. The police believe that he sailed on Saturday for the United States. They state that he is accompanied by Ethel Clara Leneve, a French woman formerly his stenographer, whom he had recently introduced as his wife. This woman, the police state, is believed to be dressed in male attire.

The indications point to a coolly planned murder. Early in February last, a letter signed "Belle Ellmore" was received by the vaudeville artists' guild stating that the writer had gone to America on business. It was this letter, which the police say was intended to cover up a crime, that, as it turned out, furnished an evidence of criminality. Belle Elmore spelled her name with one "L."

Arouses Suspicion.

The discrepancy was recognized and aroused suspicion among members of the guild and largely influenced them in determining to bring the matter of the woman's strange disappearance to the authorities.

Then the advertisement appeared announcing that Belle Elmore had died at Los Angeles, Cal. An investigation was put on foot and the advertisement was found to have been untrue.

It was learned today that when the officers visited Crippen they forced him to admit that his wife had not died in California. Pursuing their inquiry the authorities discovered that Dr. Crippen was born at Coldwater, Mich. He was educated in Indiana and at Los Angeles and completed his medical studies in Michigan, Cleveland and New York city. He practiced in Detroit, San Diego, Cal., Salt Lake City, St. Louis and Brooklyn as an eye and ear specialist. At one time he managed a patent medicine business at Philadelphia and in Toronto, Can.

WILL SETTLE POOR ON FARMS

Society Headed by Jane Addams Has Large Scheme.

Greeley, Colo., July 18.—With the object of buying large tracts of Colorado land on which to settle deserving poor families, an association formed by Miss Jane Addams, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Jacob Riis, William J. Bryan and others is in correspondence with land owners, educators and business men. Full details are asked as to quality of soil, character of most profitable crops, climate, church and school surroundings.

The association, it is claimed, is not entirely philanthropic, but will buy large holdings to be cut up into 40-acre farms and into garden tract and sold to people without means on installments at fair interest and on long time. The association plans to accept cash payments or to take a share of the crops each year, so that the payments on the land will not be burdensome.

The promoters believe Greeley and vicinity an ideal location for such a project, as it has no saloons in the vicinity, the region is traversed by numerous great irrigating canals, assuring plenty of water for farmers, and have a network of new railroads under construction, affording quick transportation for crops.

TAFT THANKS THE JAPANESE

Glad They Have Entertained Secretary Dickinson.

Beverly, Mass., July 18.—President Taft sent a message of thanks to the emperor of Japan for the cordial welcome extended to Secretary of War Dickinson. Mr. Taft, as secretary of war, enjoyed Japan's hospitality and made many warm friends among the Japanese officials. The message in full follows:

"Beverly, Mass., July 17, 1910.

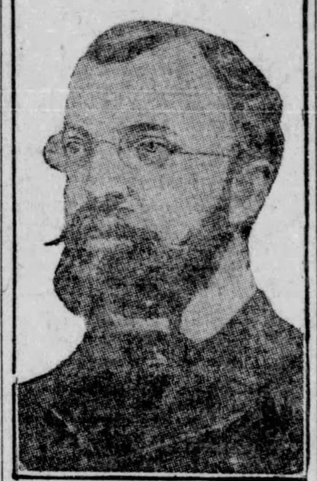
"The Emperor of Japan, Tokio:

"I wish to express to your majesty my deep appreciation of generous and courteous hospitality extended to Secretary Dickinson and his party during their visit to Japan. The expression of cordial welcome evoked strengthens the bond of friendship between the two countries.

(Signed) "William H. Taft."

AGENTS! We Supply SAMPLES FREE
...mas business. 500 red-hot sellers; no junk—but quick-...down-to-date household specialties and new patents. ...ge sales, nearly every home—exclusive territory. ...for big 128 pp. cat., free samples, and particulars of ...guarantee. Be first—don't delay—write TODAY.
...EN MFG. CO., Factory H Milwaukee, Wis.

Wife Who Was Slain; Man Sought by Police



Upper picture, Mrs. Crippen, formerly Belle Elmore, American actress. Lower picture, Dr. Hawley H. Crippen.

FINDS NO DOCTOR

London Police Criticised for Letting Crippen Escape Them.

London, July 16.—The machinery of Scotland Yard is grinding away at the Crippen murder mystery with deliberateness, but remorselessly determined to apprehend Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and make him account for the disappearance of his actress wife.

It was a week today since the physician deserted his home, but not a tangible clew to his whereabouts or those of his supposed companion, Ethel Clara Leneve, has been found. The police are criticised as usual in such cases, but it is only fair to say that the criticisms are based generally upon knowledge which was not possessed by the authorities when they interviewed Crippen and allowed him to escape.

Body Not Legally Identified.

The police maintain that prior to the finding of a woman's body in the cellar of the Crippen home they had nothing upon which to justify the detention of the doctor. Even as it is, the case of the police is far from complete. Though they firmly believe that the body is that of Belle Elmore, Crippen's wife, it is doubtful if this can be legally established.

Suspected in Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 16.—Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, hunted by the police of the world and suspected of murdering in London his second wife, was under suspicion in Salt Lake 18 years ago when his first wife died.

The record shows that Mrs. Charlotte J. Crippen was 33 years, 4 months and 20 days old when she died here January 4, 1892, at 561 West First street, south. It was soon after the birth of a child. Apoplexy and paralysis were given as the cause of death.

Crippens Were Reserved.

The Crippens were reserved people and little known, but neighbors were suspicious at the time of the woman's death, because of an alleged air of secrecy maintained. No investigation was made, however, and Mrs. Crippen's body was buried January 26 in Mount Olive cemetery. Her son now lives in Los Angeles.

Following the death of Mrs. Crippen, the physician's mother went to Los Angeles to join her husband and the boy Otto went with her. Later Dr. Crippen departed, leaving the impression that in England a fortune awaited him as the result of the death of a relative. Those who know Dr. Crippen say that his age, while he was in Salt Lake City, was between 25 and 30 years.

Search French Liner.

New York, July 16.—The probability that Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen whose arrest the London police have requested, might have slipped over to France and sailed last Saturday on the steamer La Lorraine, from Havre to this country, caused a search of the French liner to be undertaken when she reached port today.

The search revealed no trace, however, of the American physician, in whose house in London the body of a woman believed to be that of his wife, Belle Elmore, the music hall singer, was recently discovered and who was believed to have fled to America in company with Ethel Clare Leneve, his stenographer. The police continued their watch on other incoming liners in the hope of obtaining a trace of the supposed fugitive.

BOY OF 14 IS STAR SHOOTER

Bests Veteran Marksman in New England Match.

Boston, Mass., July 18.—Master J. Stiles, a 14-year-old boy from Norway, Me., was the star in the fifth day's shooting of the New England Rifle association's tournament at the Wakefield range. Everybody smiled when the lad leveled his rifle to compete with Major Elliott, of the Maine team, in a special match at 500 yards, but their mirth changed to amazement before the schoolboy competitor had finished.

Stiles made 22 bull's-eye out of a possible 25, while Major Elliott only made 21. The boy is the son of Captain M. T. Stiles, and only began to shoot this spring. Old-timers say he has the making of a record breaker. He had the poise and confidence of a veteran marksman as he toed the mark in his pioneer public match.

SUPT. SAWYER OUSTED

Three Trustees of the Xenia Home So Vote.

Xenia, July 18.—Edward D. Sawyer of Cleveland, resigned Sunday as superintendent of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans' home, a position to which he was appointed fifteen months ago.

The resignation to take effect at once, was presented to the trustees of the institution after the superintendent had been called before the body and informed that a majority of the board desired it. Financial Officer Joseph Pelton, of Hillsboro, was at once made acting head of the institution.

Sunday's action of the board has been in preparation for weeks and in a measure it was expected by persons intimately acquainted with affairs at the institution.

"Col. Sawyer has been injudicious in his administration of the institution, and his friends will say that much," said J. C. Rotand, of Cleveland, secretary of the board and one of the two members of that body who opposed the plan of asking for his resignation.

Col. J. Q. Morrow, Republican, of Hillsboro, president of the board, supported Col. Rotand in his contention that the superintendent's resignation should not be asked for at this time, but the remaining members, Judge J. W. O'Neal, of Lebanon; Dr. J. D. Bemis, of Fremont, and Capt. P. H. Dowling, of Toledo, were unanimous in their determination to oust Sawyer.

The unpleasant feeling between Sawyer and the three members who voted to ask for his resignation has been growing for months. Superintendent Sawyer desired a change on the board which would make a majority of that body Democratic, and it is said he had received assurances from the governor that the change would be made, but although the terms of Judge O'Neal, Republican, of Lebanon, and Captain Dowling, Democrat, of Toledo, expired more than a year ago, their successors were not appointed and they have held over.

Superintendent Sawyer declared that he was not receiving the proper support from the board and that he was hampered in his administration of the institution by certain members of that body.

THEODORE'S BRIDE IS WAITING

Can't Go Hunting Until Costume Comes.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 14.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., today deserted his bride and with Stewart Edward White, the author, went into the Santa Ynez mountains, back of Santa Barbara, on a mountain lion hunt. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. White will follow the hunters tomorrow or the next day, the exact date depending upon a tailor who is fashioning a hunting costume for Mrs. Roosevelt.

Young Roosevelt and White, who have struck a strong friendship since Roosevelt's arrival at Santa Barbara, now are planning a grand tour of Africa, following the trail of the elder Roosevelt. White is going for the purpose of getting material for a book, while Roosevelt wants to add some luster to his own family name and prove his prowess as a hunter. It is intended to take a large party of sportsmen and their families on the African trip.

Young Roosevelt and White left Miramir, near Santa Barbara, for the mountains loaded down with ammunition. They will be gone several days, sleeping under tents in the wilderness, which abounds in mountain lions and other wild game of the forests. White is thoroughly familiar with the mountains and has appointed himself guide. Mrs. White and Mrs. Roosevelt will go to the mountain camp unaccompanied.

THIS WOMAN MADE $7,452.
Since selling our Orange Grove I get more letters than I can answer and ask you to publish the facts. Six years ago, I, with four others, each invested $250 in land to raise oranges. We bought only 10 acres, but later added 15 acres. Last March we sold the grove and my share was $7,452. I know scores of people who are getting rich raising oranges. The Eubank Farms Company, of No. 310 Keystone Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa., will give you some stock in an orange grove free. Write them.
ISABELLE INEZ.

FUND TO FIND SON'S SLAYER

Nonogenarian Wills $10,000 to Carry on Long Search.

New York, July 18.—Retribution and charity are blended in the will of Henry Dexter, whose funeral service a group of his old friends attended yesterday afternoon, at his home, at No. 42 West 56th street. He has left the $10,000, which he had offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of his son, Orrando P. Dexter, to remain standing during the life of his executors, Messrs. Everett L. Crawford and S. Clinton Sherwood.

The only son of the aged testator was killed in 1903, in the Adirondacks, and his father, up to the time of his own death, believed that only inaction prevented the bringing of the assassin to justice. He offered $10,000 shortly after the tragedy.

GRAND JURY ON BEEF PROBE

Packing Industry Is Under Fire of Investigators Today.

Chicago, July 18.—A special federal grand jury today began the second local investigation of the year into the workings of the Chicago beef packing industry. Seven officers and employes of the National Packing Co. were subpoenaed to appear in the jury room today.

Those subpoenaed were: Ralph Crews, chief counsel; Arthur Colby, assistant treasurer; L. B. Patterson, vice president; W. E. Weber, general auditor; C. G. Snow, secretary; Alonzo N. Benn, director and assistant to President Edward Tilden; J. J. Rischb, assistant general manager.

WEDS SON OF MILLIONAIRE

Miss Dick Becomes Wife of Stuyvesant, Fish, Jr.

New York, July 14.—A wedding of much interest to society will take place today when Miss Mildred Dick becomes the bride of Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Miss Dick is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evans R. Dick, who formerly lived in Philadelphia.

The wedding will take place at 5 o'clock this afternoon in the historic little church of St. Philip in the Highlands, Garrison, N. Y.

After a brief tour, Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., and his bride, will reside in New York. The young man has a seat on the stock exchange.

TO AVOID BALLINGER ROW

Pinchot May Have Conservation Congress Change Plan.

Chicago, July 14.—Gifford Pinchot, president of the National Conservation congress, and its executive committee, met here today to consider some features of the tentative program of the meetings of the congress.

Immediately upon his arrival Mr. Pinchot went into a secret conference with the members of the committee. It is understood that objections have been made to certain features of the proposed program which were thought to have too decided a leaning toward the Pinchot side of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.

LYNCH PROBE IS BEGUN

Attorney General Denman and Assistant Miller on Hand With Facts.

Newark, July 18.—The special grand jury called to investigate the lynching of Carl Etherington, the anti-saloon detective, convened today with Attorney General Denman and Assistant General Miller present to aid in presenting the facts before the jury. There is considerable excitement over various rumors regarding the action to be taken by the grand jury.

At 11 o'clock Judge Seward finished reading his charge, which occupied 20 minutes, and the grand jury retired for deliberation. Ex-County Auditor J. N. Wright is foreman. Judge Seward's charge covered every feature of the situation, and demanded full investigation. Attorney General Denman presented the authority of Governor Harmon for his presence. Prosecutor Smythe said he expected no report from the jury for at least a week.

This morning William Wurster, a 19 years old boy of Zanesville, was brought here under first degree murder charge.

It is alleged that Wurster adjusted the noose around Etherington's neck, though the police here do not verify the report.

Wurster was arrested in Zanesville last night.

Wurster's father formerly was a brewery agent at Zanesville and at one time took a prominent part in the work of the Ohio Brewers' association. The boy has been employed in a poolroom. His brother has a place in the postoffice. The family generally has been active in Zanesville politics.

Wurster was not at all excited when faced with the prospect of a murder charge. Sitting in the sergent's office at the city prison, he coolly read the warrant and said: "They have the wrong dope."

"I was in that crowd but when the fellow was strung up I was twenty-five feet from him with two other Zanesville boys, and I can prove it," the boy declared. "I never touched him. I won't tell the names of the other fellows at this time, for fear of getting them in bad, but that will come out when they place me on trial."

Young Wurster admits being in the mob. He said he had been drinking on the night of the lynching.

The boy's father accompanied him to Newark.

"My son told me all about the rioting the night he came home and we have been expecting some trouble of this sort," Wurster, sr., said. "I believe I can have the boy cleared of any intentional wrong."

The warrant upon which the boy was arrested reads:

"That William Wurster made an assault in a menacing manner with intent to kill or murder, and i. e., William Wurster, did with his right and left hand seize the person of Carl Etherington and fasten a rope about his neck and did then and there press the neck and throat of the said Etherington and did choke and strangle and suffocate, of which choking, strangling and suffocating the said Etherington then and there instantly died, and William Wurster by the aforesaid means, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice did kill and murder Etherington."

The affidavit was signed by I. N. Andrews.

It is said that state detectives in Zanesville have obtained further evidence and that more Zanesville arrests will follow this week. Hundreds of Zanesville people rushed to Newark on the day of the rioting, "to see the fun," as they expressed it. Many today are quaking in their shoes.

QUIET FOLLOWS SHOOTING IN EAST LIVERPOOL ROW

East Liverpool, O., July 18.—Quiet followed the clash between a gang of "wet" sympathizers and "dry" Detective Ira Rickett, who Saturday night shot and slightly wounded Albert Keddie, a bystander, while resisting an attack from Alvin Dawson, the supposed ringleader.

Both Rickett and Dawson, arrested after the shooting, are in jail. A charge of carrying concealed weapons has been placed against the former, and one of disorderly conduct against the latter. More serious charges are expected today, however, when they will be arraigned. Members of the party accompanying Dawson will also be arrested, police say.

Ministers in their pulpits yesterday deplored the incident, and declared that more serious results could be expected unless there was a tendency toward better enforcement of law.

WAYNE B. WHEELER GIVES ANSWER TO BREWERS' CHIEF

In an interview in answer to the charges of Percy Andreae, of the Ohio Brewers' Vigilance Bureau, Wayne B. Wheeler, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, says:

"The interview with Percy Andreae, chairman of the Ohio Brewers' Vigilance Bureau, in which he half-heartedly condones the lawlessness, riot and lynching at Newark and holds the Anti-Saloon League responsible for the disgraceful scenes enacted there, is characteristic of the cause he represents.

"Mr. Andreae is at the head of an organization which pretends to use its offices for the enforcement of law among saloonkeeprs. It is simply a pretense. It is an organization rather to protect the lawless, and to rush to their defense, as Mr. Andreae is doing in the Newark instance.

"In all of Mr. Andreae's interview there is not a word in condemnation of the speakeasy proprietors of Newark; not a word against the saloon element of that city which openly transgressed every law and imperiled the life and property of every person who dared raise a voice for law, order and decency. Mr. Andreae in his long interview has not a sentence in condemnation of Mayor Atherton and Sheriff Linke.

"His whole tirade is against the Anti-Saloon League and the officers who conducted the raids. Mr. Andreae admits these officers acted within the law in the performance of their duty. He does not deny this because it cannot be denied. But he complains because they acted at all; because the legislature, in its wisdom, gave them power to act, and because the voters of Licking county, under the Rose law, exercised the privilege of voting out the open saloon.

"Mr. Andreae represents the great brewery interests of Ohio, and these interests want the saloons, the dives, the speakeasies and the boot-leggers let alone, for through these agents the product of these breweries is sold. For this reason, vice and crime are condoned and objection is made because society, through law, can and does protect itself.

"If the mayor of Newark, the sheriff or the county prosecutor had used the means at their command to enforce the county option law, there would have been no trouble in Newark. Where such officials fail to do their duty, it is not only the privilege but the duty of the law abiding citizens to organize and use such means as are provided by the statutes to secure an enforcement of law. This policy is sustained by the courts, by law and by every element of our citizenship which stands for law enforcement."

A Woman Doctor in Syria

JUDGING by the questions asked me I would say that people in this country are interested in only two subjects, woman suffrage and tuberculosis," Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy, the only woman physician in the Ottoman Empire holding an official position, replied when asked to talk about her work in Syria. "Every since I landed in America the first thing people I meet say to me is:

" 'Now do tell us what they think of woman suffrage in Syria, and what you are doing for tuberculosis?'

"The answer to the first is simply that the people of Syria and all other parts of the Ottoman Empire haven't got far enough along in the emancipation to think about woman suffrage at all. This new constitution of theirs and the additional freedom that it gives indivduals is all so fresh and unusual that they haven't begun to look as far ahead as women casting ballots. About the greatest change that I have noticed among the women is that they drive around in their carriages more than formerly.

"Of course, being a physician, women were always allowed to visit me. Before this movement, this granting of a new constitution, it was their custom to make a holiday of their trips to see me. Often whole families would take advantage of such an opportunity for the sake of getting an outing. So long as they were coming to see their doctor it was all right. As matters now stands I don't have these family parties so often and for the simple reason that the women can drive out without getting special permission.

"Another change is the rush for education. It has become almost a craze with all grades, wen and women alike, and all anxious to learn and have their children taught. Everywhere schools are being started and the demand for teachers far exceeds the supply. It all seems very strange to us who have been working for years to get money to support the schools to have all such work taken out of our hands and to find the people of their own accord supporting schools to teach their own children.

"Another phase of the movement among the women is that a few, as yet only a very few, are speaking on public platforms. More of them are writing for the public press and some of them have proved that they possess great power of expression.

"In Beirut we have one woman's paper. It was started recently. Though the editor is a man, all the contributors are women. It has been publishing a series of historical articles about the famous women of the wold. So far only one Syrian woman has been included in this series. There is another woman's paper published in Egypt. It is known as The Young Woman, or rather that is what the name would be translated into English. On this both editors and contributors are women and though it is very young it already has a wide circulation.

"A new society for the education of native women has recently been formed among the society women of Beirut. This society is controlled by a rotary board of officers, all of whom are society women. Their aim is to pick out bright native girls and educate them as teachers so that eventually there will be teachers enough for all the children.

"Now women work in the silk factories and are lacemakers and embroiderers. Those were about the only fields open to them before the new constitution came into existence. One point that may seem curious to the American is that lace is sold by weight and never by the yard or piece as in other countries. I have seen whole tons of it just as it had been brought in the village shipped to the port ready to be sent to other countries.

"The answer to the second half of the question so popular in this country takes more time. To begin with I will say that I have just turned over to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions the only popular tuberculosis sanitarium in the Ottoman Empire and that this is the first time in history that a mission board had taken charge of an institution for the cure of the white plague.

"The first patients in the sanitarium were all men. The reason for that was that we hadn't the money to give free treatment, and only the men had money. Now all that is charged and as many women come to us as men. Last year we had 47 patients. It seems a ridiculously small number when you think of the thousands suffering from the white plague, but it is 47 better than the year before.

"Though I count myself an American I was born in Sidon, and am as familiar with the Arabic language and customs as though I hadn't a drop of foreign blood in my veins. For a number of years I was the only woman physician in the entire Ottoman Empire and I was often called on to perform delicate operations and to treat the wives and children of pashas, military commanders and high government officials. At one time I also traveled among the wandering tribes of Bedouins of Arabia.

"I can safely say that I treated thousands of cases and performed hundreds of operations while with these wandering tribes. I traveled with a large dispensary tent. In 1903 I established a medical missionary station near the town of Junieh, 15 miles from Beirut.

"Junieh is on the Mediterranean at the entrance of Kasrawan, the stronghold of the Maronites, who have a violent prejudice against foreigners and everything pertaining to an innovation. No foreigners excepting French monks and nuns had ever been permitted to remain in this region, and people told me I was attempting the impossible. I was the only American woman in the province. Not only did I establish the medical station, but the people, many of them important officials, became my warmest friends and most zealous supporters. It was after this success that I started to work to found my summer sanitarium for tuberculosis on Mount Lebanon, on the road to Damascus and ten miles from Beirut."

CANNON BOUND TO TALK

Speaker Refuses to Abandon Speeches.

Emporia, Kas., July 18.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon was up early this morning, after a good night's rest, prepared for a day of strenuous campaigning. The weather here is cool and a repetition of the experience of Saturday at Winfield, when the speaker was overcome by the heat, is not anticipated.

Mr. Cannon's family at Danville, however, is alarmed lest he overtax his strength, and have sent several telegrams inquiring about his health. His secretary also has tried to get him to go home, but it is almost certain that unless the efforts of today prove too much for him Mr. Cannon will not leave the state until after his speech at Marion, Tuesday night.

Abandons One Date.

He has been advertised to speak at Salina Friday, but he now has no intention of filling that date.

Speaker Cannon addressed the students of the State Normal school at 11 o'clock this morning. He discussed the house rules. At 3 o'clock this afternoon he was scheduled to make an open air speech and probably reply to Senator Bristow's charges concerning the increase in the tariff on rubber. This evening he will go to Burlingame, where he speaks tonight and after the night meeting he will go by automobile to Topeka, where he will spend the night.

DO YOUR OWN REPAIRING.—Send four cents and we will mail you the very best methods of mending glassware, porcelain, china, earthenware, rubber bags and shoes, iron pots, stoves, wash basins, cement walks, cisterns, steam, gas, and water pipes, boilers, lamps, marble, bicycle tires, amber, tortoise, ivory, leather, celluloid and many others. Something everybody needs all the time. Just the thing for home, farm and factory. G. G. Penner Co., 625 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

BRAVE GIRLS MODEST

Refuse to Tell Names After Saving Young Man.

New York, July 18.—Three brave young women of Brooklyn, who declined to give their names, saved John Rush, a young man of 20, from drowning in Lake Hopatcong, in New Jersey, near here today, and only missed by a narrow margin saving Fred Shroeder, Rush's companion, when the two were thrown into the water from a capsized canoe.

The young women, who were out rowing, saw the canoe tip over and rowed rapidly to the spot, and reached Rush just in time to save him from sinking.

Shroeder was unable to swim, and was drowned.

ASSURES PEACE IN FAR EAST

Russo-Japanese Convention Pleases Diplomats.

Berlin, July 13.—Baron Chinda, the Japanese ambassador, and Count Von Der Osten-Sacken, ambassador from Russia, together called at the foreign office today, and handed Her Von Schoen, the text of the recently concluded Russo-Japanese convention.

The ambassadors said that the treaty constituted an extension of the Russo-Japanese agreement of 1907, and that it signified a further gurantee for the maintenance of the status quo and the peace of the Far East. The diplomats affirmed that the fundamental principle of the open door was unaffected.

MRS. EDDY NOW 89.

Brookline, Mass., July 16.—Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, founder and leader of the Christian Science denomination, observed her eighty-ninth birthday quietly at her home here today.

NEGRO BANDITS KILL

Shoot Up Camp of a Lake Shore Construction Gang in Robbery Attempt.

Cleveland, July 15.—One man is dead and two others are badly wounded as a result of a raid by bandits on a Lake Shore construction camp near Olmsted Falls late last night.

Charles Brunner, aged 30, who was shot through the abdomen, died today. The injured men are James Counterwane, shot through the body, and Thomas Zurach, shot in the head. It is believed that they will recover.

Sheriff Hirstius and a posse covered the country for miles around the scene of the shooting, but could find no trace of the men who shot up the camp.

Shortly before midnight five negroes appeared at one of the shanties used as sleeping quarters, and, awakening the laborers, demanded their pay, which they received yesterday.

The first man handed over $33, the sole booty of the robbery. Three other men answered they had no money and the robbers opened fire.

There was a rush from the shacks. Many of the workmen had revolvers, but as the bandits ran as soon as they fired upon their victims they were out of sight before the men in camp had an opportunity to return the fire.

Lake Shore detectives believe the five negroes are the same men with whom Detective H. B. Briedenbach had a pistol fight near Shawville yesterday afternoon. Briedenbach saw the colored men on a freight train and ordered them off.

The negroes opened fire on the detective, and many shots were exchanged on the fast moving train. The negroes finally jumped off near Shawville, only six miles from the construction camp.

MISS ELKINS WEDS ANOTHER

Duke of Abruzzi Will See Her Married to American.

Washington, July 14.—The most important wedding at the capital promised for the early days of next social season will be that of Miss Katharine Elkins to William F. Hitt, son of the late Robert R. Hitt. The Duke of Abruzzi will be one of the guests.

This announcement made yesterday afternoon by friends of the young man at the Chevychase club, practically settles the status of the friendship of the young couple, which for two years has presaged their engagement. Formal announcement will be made when Miss Elkins returns to America in October.

Senator Elkins and ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, father and grandfather of the bride-to-be, are elated over the match.

ROOST ROBBER RETURNS LOOT

Replaces Stolen Chickens After 16 Years' Wait.

Washington, July 15.—Chickens will come home to roost, so runs an old saying. Literally true was proven the saying by the return of 16 chickens borrowed from James Craven, of this city, 16 years ago.

Of course the fowls returned to Mr. Craven were not the identical chickens stolen. Accompanying them was a note reading: "I herewith return to you the chickens I stole 16 years ago." When Mr. Craven went down for the morning paper he found a crate of chickens at his door. Whence they came is a mystery.

SEARCHING FOR SOUTH POLE

British Commander Plans to Find It in December, 1911.

London, July 16.—Captain Robert F. Scott, commander of the British Antarctic expedition, left today for New Zealand, where he will join the others of his party on board the exploring steamer Terra Nova.

The Terra Nova sailed from London on June 1 for Cardiff, where she coaled, and then continued to New Zealand. Captain Scott plans to arrive at the south pole in December, 1911.

WAR SECRETARY IN JAPAN

Dickinson Is Given Cordial Reception at Yokohama.

Yokohama, July 15.—J. M. Dickinson, secretary of war of the United States, and party arrived here today on the steamer Siberia.

The arrival was announced by salutes from the American gunboat, Wheeling, and the American supply ship, Supply, which were anchored in the harbor.

A great crowd of natives and foreigners lined the shore and adjacent streets when the guests and the welcoming party disembarked. At the consulate an informal reception was held. At 4:30 o'clock this afternoon the tourists left by train for Tokio.

ROADS ARE CRUEL TO CATTLE

Railways May Suffer for Violation of Act.

Pittsburg, July 16.—United States Attorney John H. Jordan today filed suits covering 140 alleged violations of the 28 hour act, by three railroad companies which, upon conviction, might be assessed fines aggregating $70,000. The defendants are the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway Co., the Pennsylvania Co., and the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway Co.

The 28-hour act is one which requires a railroad, when transporting cattle, etc., to take all such animals out of the cars once in every 28 hours for a five hours' rest, with food and drink.

CENSUS SHOWS BIG GAINS.

Washington, July 13.—The population of Peoria, Ill., according to the thirteenth decennial census, is 66,950, an increase of 10,850 over 1900.

East St. Louis, Ill., has almost doubled in population during the past decade, figures announced today giving that city 58,547 inhabitants, against 29,655 in 1900.

Belleville, Ill., has increased from 17,484 in 1900 to 21,122 in 1910, and St. Clair county, in which both East St. Louis and Belleville are located, has grown from 86,685 10 years ago to 119,870 in 1910.

Census returns show that Enid, Okla., has grown from 10,087 in 1907, when a special census was taken, to 13,799 in 1910. Garfield county, in which Enid is located, has increased in the same period from 28,300 to 33,050.

AGENTS $50 TO $75 EVERY WEEK
Biggest seller ever invented. One man's orders $5650.00 one month—profit $1650.00. More boy in Pa. made $9.00 in 2 1-2 hours. "Called at 20 homes, made 19 sales," says A. E. Martin, Mich. "Sold 135 in 2 days," says G. W. Handy, New York. "Sold 19 first 4 1-2 hrs.," says E. Mann, Wis. Hundreds getting rich. You can make this money New Self-Wringing Mop. A household necessity. Women all buy—delighted. No talking necessary. 150 percent profit to agents. Act quick. You can't fail because you risk nothing. We own patents and give exclusive territory. Write for your county today. Send no money. Only your name and address on a postal card for information, offer and valuable booklet Free. Write today

The Easy Wringer Mop (Patented)
Turn Crank to Wring. Hands do not touch water or cloth.
U. S. Mop Co. 1011 Main St., Leipsic, O.

HELP WANTED.

Government Employes Wanted—$800 to $1,500. Fall examinations everywhere. Preparation Free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. W.-32, Rochester, N. Y.

HINTS OF MURDER

Trunk Shows Body to Be That of Rich Contractor of Ohio.

New York, July 18.—Detectives today are trying to trace the movements after his arrival here from Youngstown, O., of a man believed to be J. W. Horton, a well-to-do contractor of that city, whose body was found floating in the harbor yesterday.

Reports that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession when he reached this city led to suspicions that he may have been the victim of foul play.

Had a Legacy.

Horton, it is stated, recently received a substantial legacy and was on his way to Europe, having intended to sail on a liner Wednesday. A memorandum showing that he had engaged passage was found in one of his pockets. A search of his clothing revealed nothing of value except a brass baggage check and $2.59 in small change.

While his body bore no marks of violence the indications that his clothing had been rifled led the police to make a thorough investigation, and an autopsy will be held to determine the manner of Horton's death.

Trunk Shows Identity.

When Horton's body was found it was at first supposed to be that of a laborer. The clue furnished by the baggage check found in the man's clothing, however, when followed up soon put a different aspect on the case, and the possibility of a murder mystery was developed. The police found the trunk for which it called, and the contents established the dead man's identity to the satisfaction of the authorities, who communicated with Youngstown, and received urgent requests from Horton's friends to spare no pains in finding out how the man met his death.

Detectives today visited all the small hotels along the Hudson river front to find whether the man had been a guest at any of them on Saturday night. Nothing tangible has resulted thus far. The only fact certainly known about Horton's movements, after his arrival here, was that he visited the offices of the White Star Line and secured the stateroom he intended to occupy on the steamer Majestic sailing on Wednesday for Southampton.

Family Calls It Murder.

Youngstown, O., July 18.—John W. Horton is a well-known contractor here, and left last Friday night for a visit to his old home in England. Horton's family had recently come into a legacy through the death of a relative, and Horton decided to spend part of the money on a trip to Europe. He had sufficient funds in his possession when leaving here to defray his expenses on a two months' trip.

Horton was 61 years old and leaves a widow and family. It is understood his family first objected to his making the trip, but finally consented. The fact that practically all the money was gone when the body was recovered leads the family to the belief that he met death by foul means.

DAM SAVES CROPS IN ARIZONA

Roosevelt Irrigation Structure Has Been Salvation of Farmers.

Washington, D. C., July 18.—The Roosevelt irrigation dam has been the salvation of farmers in the Salt River Valley, Ariz., according to advices received by the reclamation service. While the structure has not been completed, its storage of water, it is said, probably has kept the crops in its vicinity from total destruction by drought. The value of lands now under cultivation ranges from $75 to $300 and raw lands from $60 to $250.

DREXEL IN BRILLIANT FLIGHTS

Soars Over the Sea at Bournemouth, England.

Bournemouth, Eng., July 15.—J. Armstrong Drexel, a son of Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia and London, and the French aviator, Leon Morane, today engaged in brilliant performances of over-sea speed flights.

MRS. HARTJE WINS DIVORCE.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 16.—A decree of absolute divorce to Mary Scott Hartje from her husand, Augustus Hartje, the millionaire paper manufacturer of Pittsburg, was granted by Judge Robert S. Frazer in common pleas court today.

"Note for What?"

New York Herald.

"Queer ideas some folks have about dying," said Colonel Gleason, clerk of the senate. "Up in Delhi, Delaware county, there used to be an old fellow named Smith who was just as fresh and hearty at 80 as he had been at 40. The idea of 'cashing in' never occurred to him. He was a storekeeper and had pretty good credit. One time when he was close to 90 a salesman from one of the houses he had patronized for years told him that instead of paying when he felt like it, as always had been the case, he must conform to the rules of the house and give the firm a note.

"'Note for what?' asked Smith.

"'Note for the amount of the goods. You see, Smith, you're getting to be an old man and if you should die and we had no note to show we couldn't collect anything from your estate.'

"'Well, how long do you want a note for?'

"'Why, say 30 days.'

"'Hell, no one ever died in 30 days!'"

ASK FOR CATALOGUE FREE

$18
SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS
Safe--Swift--Sure
Perfect hammerless non-closing action. 24 to 32 inch Genuine Imported DAMASCUS Barrel. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. Hinged breech block, all working parts covered up; snow and dirt cannot get in. Solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Taken down in ten seconds without tools. Black walnut stock. Same length, bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any feature mentioned. Sent with privilege of examination if desired. Don't buy until you have read our FREE BOOK describing this and other lines of singles and doubles. Ask for it today. THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 478 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.

JEWS EXPELLED DAILY

Record Breaking Activity at Kiev Drives Inhabitants to Extremes.

Kiev, Russia, July 19.—The expulsion of Jews from Kiev continues at the rate of 45 individuals a day. From July 4 until July 15, 497 were expelled by what is known as the second method—that is, they were forced actually to leave town.

During the same period 1,121 persons were expelled by the first method, which, in effect, is a warning for their departure, but permits them time for a settlement of private affairs. In the majority of cases the latter method proved ineffective, as the Jews in that category are prone to return to Kiev after temporary absence.

During the 12 days mentioned there were 165 expulsions from Solomenka and 151 from Demieffka.

Many Come Back.

Since May 14, when the imperial decree ordering that all Jews who could not establish a legal right of residence elsewhere should be returned within the pale and the restricted district of the Polish provinces and the Ukraine became effective, there have been expelled from this city, Solomenka and Demieffka suburbs, 3,011 persons by the second method and 3,641 by the first method. However, in making this total of 6,652, allowance must be made for a large percentage of duplications in the count.

Many have been expelled, only to return and be sent away again.

700 Families Sent Away.

Officers of the Jewish relief committee of Kiev stated today that roughly estimated, 700 families had been already sent out of the city, and 400 families were still subject to such treatment. The larger figures furnished day by day indicate the mobility of the expelled, many of whom persistently return to Kiev to face repeated expulsion.

In the case of the latter the authorities have adopted drastic measures, the returning ones frequently being accompanied from the city by gendarmes, and in many cases banishment "by etappe" has been resorted to. This system provides for the shipment of batches of Jews to the'r final destination under escort of relays of armed guards.

Resort to Tricks.

The number of expulsions is constantly growing, owing to the discovery of illegal makeshifts employed by the Jews to gain the right of residence. Since January 1 the authorities have received 17,272 petitions for right of residence, accompanied by documents purporting to establish such right. Among the number there were discovered 2,152 fraudulent tradesmen's certificates. These were issued by former officials of the Velikocech technical school of Poland, which was closed in 1903 upon the order of the governor-general of Warsaw. After the closing the school officials continued to issue antedated certificates to Jews paying the necessary sum.

MRS. PROSSER HOPES FOR LUCK

Ohio Woman, Held for Murder, Gathers Clovers.

Libby, Mont., July 19.—Mrs. Vera Prosser, formerly of Cleveland, whose trial on the charge of shooting her divorced husband, Reese T. Prosser, will begin here August 15, is the life of the county jail, for her jolly good nature and amiability keep the other prisoners and members of the sheriff's force in good humor. She chats pleasantly and entertainingly with the inmates of the jail and all others with whom she comes in contact, and they all like her.

When seen at the jail Mrs. Prosser was anxious that a story which was published in eastern papers should be denied. The yarn was to the effect that the woman had made a break for liberty recently while out for a stroll with her guards. Mrs. Prosser is considered an ideal prisoner and her guards declare she has never given them any trouble.

The woman now has more than 300 four-leaf clovers, which she has picked while walking about town or in the jail yard. Mrs. Prosser is not exactly superstitious, but hunts for the clovers more for diversion than anything else. She also has hung over her door a horseshoe which she found recently along with a nine-spot of hearts.

SEA CASTS UP TWO VICTIMS

Bodies of Men Lost in Pier Fire Are Found Floating.

New York, July 19.—The bodies of two men believed to be members of the crew of the freight steamer, H. F. Dimock, plying between here and Boston, which was badly damaged during the pier fire of the Metropolitan Steamship Co., Saturday, were found floating in the North River at the foot of Fulton street today. The bodies found apparently were those of a fireman about 35 years old and of a deck hand or longshoreman about 28 years old. They were sent to the morgue for identification.

SENATE HONORS DELEGATES

Argentinians Give Reception to the Pan-American Congress.

Buenos Aires, July 19.—The senate yesterday gave a reception in honor of the delegates to the Pan-American congress.

Senor Portela, the secretary general, during the course of a conversation today, said that no differences had arisen between the various delegations and that no foreign questions would be discussed except by the general consent.

Major M. Costa has been named as military attache of the Argentine legation at Washington.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own home—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3838 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

GRAND TRUNK STRIKE

Company and Men Hear a Proposal From Canadian Minster.

Montreal, July 19.—A new turn was given to the situation in the strike of the Grand Trunk railway conductors and trainmen here shortly after noon by the receipt of a despatch from the minister of labor at Ottawa offering on behalf of the government to appoint a board of arbitration on the trouble between the company and its employes, the finding to be binding on both, and the government to bear all expenses in connection therewith.

The offer was submitted in the form of a letter to President Hayes of the Grand Trunk, and the head officials of the unions involved and is now under consideration by them.

Bring Strong Pressure.

While there is no intimation of how they will act upon the offer, it is known that strong pressure is being brought to bear upon both sides to accept. It is thought that from the fact that Hayes had already made an offer to arbitrate the difficulty that the company at least will accede to the proposal.

Advices from all divisional points of the Grand Trunk in Canada, and from Port Huron and Detroit, indicate that the company is having greater difficulty in keeping its trains moving than was at first apparent. At some points, no tickets are being sold because of the inability of the company to guarantee a complete journey.

Expect to Replace Men.

The company expects to replace many of the men who are on strike by recruits from their shops.

The strike embraces all of the company's lines from Portland, Me., to Chicago. It involves nearly 5,000 trainmen and conductors. In addition, the action of the company, in closing its various shops throughout Canada and Michigan, throws probably 10,000 additional workers out of employment.

The strikers state that they are less concerned in the stopping of passenger traffic than in tying up the freight traffic, important in crop-carrying, and this, they say, they have succeeded in doing completely.

Out For a Struggle.

Both sides appear to be out for a determined struggle. The union officials say they will accept nothing less than the wages and conditions prescribed in the standardization rules, and the company says it cannot meet any such conditions.

The company is congratulating itself upon the eleventh hour settlement made with the telegraph operators yesterday, which removes that branch of the service from participation in the trouble.

The principal points involved in the strike are, in addition to Montreal, London and Stratford, Ontario, and Port Huron and Battle Creek, Mich., in all of which places the company has workshops.

Dispatches received at the company's headquarters from all of these places this morning report that no violence or trouble has developed at any point. Appeal has been made by the men employed in the shops at Montreal to the mayor and city council for arbitration under the Mulock law, and while these city officials will tender their offices to both sides today it is not anticipated that it will have any result.

The Grand Trunk early posted notices at Bonaventure station that all local trains had been canceled. Another notice warned all persons not having business on the premises to leave.

Want Higher Wages.

The demand of the men is for higher wages. The developments of the day previous to the calling of the strike were explained as follows in a statement issued by the company at 6 o'clock:

"Messrs. Berry and Murdock, with a committee representing the Grand Trunk trainmen and yardmen, met the officers of the company yesterday morning and advised them that they had received the authority of a large majority of our trainmen to order a strike in the event a settlement was not reached with the company.

"A general discussion of the situation took place, during which we advised them that we were not in a position to do more than had been offered in our former proposition, giving the men an increase of approximately 18 per cent, with the further promise that they should be given the same standard rate of pay as the Canadian Pacific as soon as the Grand Trunk, through its relation with the Grand Trunk Pacific, is in a position to participate in the higher rates obtaining on traffic in the northwest," said one of the officials.

CHICAGO SHOOTING CLEARS UP

Jealousy Led to Man's Killing His Former Employe.

Chicago, July 19.—A complete confession of her identity and of circumstances leading up to the shooting was made yesterday by Mrs. Young, who still is dangerously ill at a hospital here.

She declares she had been in the employ of Rigdon as a stock salesman for the last six years. During this time she made several trips with him, visiting numerous cities of the country. Her relationship with Rigdon recently had been severed, she declared, because of his habits of drinking.

Rigdon is charged by Inspector Lavin with having visited Mr. Fetzer's office with the purpose of killing the real estate dealer and the woman, and asserts that Fetzer was the real cause of the shooting.

Rigdon learned that Mrs. Young had written letters to Fetzer.

GEORGIA BARS FILMS.

Atlanta, Ga., July 19.—The Georgia senate yesterday passed a bill prohibiting the exhibition anywhere within the state of the pictures of prize fights between members of different races. Violation is made a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment. A similar bill has been introduced in the house and is expected to pass.

FIRST PICTURES OF FAMOUS WRECKS OF THE AIR

The destruction of the first Zeppelin passenger airship on the border of Westphalia. The "Deutschland" had just begun regular trips of several hundred miles, carrying many passengers, under the management of Count Zeppelin when the accident came.

This picture shows the monoplane disaster which caused the death of M. Wachter at Rheims. A portrait of the unfortunate aviator appears to the left of the fragments of the shattered "Antoinette."

STRIKE DANGER PAST

Settlement Will Now Be Worked Out in Series of Conferences.

Philadelphia, July 19.—Unless something unforeseen arises danger of a strike of employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has passed and a settlement of the wage dispute between the company and its trainmen and conductors east of Pittsburg, Buffalo and Erie probably will be effected at the conference today to be held between the sub-committee of the men and the division superintendents of the road.

The first of these conferences was held today, but it is believed it will take several days to work out the details of the adjustment.

Both the company and the employes claim to have gained something as the result of the negotiations. The men say they have secured better working conditions, while the company maintains the change will not add any cost to the operating expenses of the road.

Terms of Settlement.

The terms of settlement being worked out follow the award of the New York Central, as follows:

A minimum day of 10 hours, 10 hours or less to constitute a day.

Hours and mileage to conform, 100 miles or less to constitute a day's work.

All employes to be paid for a full day when they have been called and used, whether they work one hour or 10, the full day.

Overtime on the basis of New York Central rates.

Men who get $4.04 for a day of 10 or 11 hours to receive that amount, whether they cover their runs in less time or consume the full time.

A guarantee of 26 days a month.

All along the line of the railroad company from Pittsburg to New York expressions of relief at the prospect of a settlement are reported from officials, employes and business interests.

PINCHOT SEES JOKER IN BILL

Declares Mining Companies Can Exploit Land Withdrawn.

Oakland, Cal., July 19.—Gifford Pinchot arrived here today to make several speeches in California in behalf of Hiram Johnson, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate for governor, and William Kent, "insurgent" candidate for congress. He refused to discuss the report that Secretary Ballinger had been exonerated by the congressional committee which has been investigating the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.

Charging that the Pickett bill under the provisions of which President Taft on July 3, withdrew 8,495,731 acres of public land, contained a "joker," Mr. Pinchot said:

"The Pickett bill withdraws all this land from entry, but leaves it open at all times to exploration, discovery and occupation under the mining laws of the United States so far as the same apply to minerals other than coal, oil, gas and phosphates.

"There is nothing to prevent the large corporations from entering this land ostensibly for mining purposes, after they have shown that they have found small quantities of gold or other metals."

TRAPPED IN A FOREST FIRE

Young Woman Homesteader and Her Niece Perish.

Spokane, Wash., July 19.—Trapped in their little homestead cabin on Mill creek in the dry pine forest, and surrounded by flames from the forest fires which have raged there since Friday, Miss Pearl Brewe, aged 22 years, a school teacher, and her young niece perished Sunday.

Near Kaslo, B. C., four men fled from the flames to the mouth of a mine, where they were suffocated, the wind driving the smoke from the fire into the mine. The names of the dead:

David Norman, of Sandon, Colo.; Charles Norman, his brother; S. W. Pierson and W. A. Chisnay. Another member of the party is missing.

OFFICIALS ON ALASKAN TOUR

Wickersham and Nagel Inspect the Great Territory.

Seattle, Wash., July 19—United States Attorney General George W. Wickersham and Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor Charles Nagel will start on their Alaskan tour next Saturday from Vancouver, B. C., on the government fisheries steamer, Albatross.

Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger received a telegram from Attorney General Wickersham yesterday notifying him that he and Mr. Nagel would not come to Seattle on their way to Alaska, but would defer their visit to this city and be his guests here after they completed their Alaska journey.

This will enable Secretary Ballinger to leave Wednesday on his trip of inspection to Mount Rainier as previously planned, but which he would have been obliged to postpone if the two cabinet members had decided to come to Seattle before starting for Alaska.

CHASES THIEF, CLAD IN TOWEL

Man in Bath Tub Routs an Early Morning Burglar in Street.

Greenwich, Conn., July 19.—While taking his morning plunge in the bath tub early yesterday, Joseph Burling, chauffeur for Addison G. Hanan, the big New York and Boston shoe dealer who has a summer place at Byram Shoe, heard a peculiar noise as of something scraping against the side of the house. Jumping from the bath tub, he observed a man letting himself down from an upper story by a rope and carrying a bag.

It was the work of an instant for Burling to dress himself in a bath towel and give chase. After a long sprint he captured the marauder and returned triumphantly to the Hanan house, one hand on the man's collar and one modestly holding the bath towel around his waist.

Burling held the man in custody until Officer James Nedley of the Greenwich police force came and took him to the lockup. In court the man said his name was Zigmond Kopiski.

SOLDIER SHOOTS, NEGRO DYING

Race Feeling at Fort Myer Supposed Cause of Attack.

Washington, July 19.—The authorities at Fort Myer near this city, are aiding the Washington police in an effort to apprehend a soldier, presumably of the post, who last night shot a negro on the bridge leading from Georgetown to the fort. The negro, William D. Smith, is in a hospital in a dying condition.

Apparently the attack upon the negro was unprovoked. The soldier, who was unknown to the negro's two companions, first struck his victim with his fist and then fired upon him as he lay prostrate. Then the soldier fled.

The shooting is ascribed to strong racial feeling that has developed among some of the soldiers at the fort.

FALLS IN PURSUIT OF GOLD

Body of Discouraged Prospector Is Found in Snow.

Steamboat Springs, Colo., July 19.—The body of a disheartened prospector, thought to have been Henry Herget, probably of Providence, R. I., was found in the perpetual snow of the Gore Mountain range yesterday. It is believed that the man committed suicide after failing in his quest, and waiting too long, was overtaken by the heavy snows. A revolver was found by the side of the body.

JOHNSON'S BOAST COST $700

Tax Assessors Kept Printed List of His Wealth.

Chicago, July 19.—Jack Johnson, champion heavyweight prize fighter, will have to turn some $700 of his wealth over to Cook county as a result of boasts following a recent controversy with George Little, his former manager.

Johnson at that time asserted, in disputing Little, that he had $30,000 in the bank, a valuable automobile and diamonds worth $16,000. The statement was printed and a copy retained by the county board of assessors.

Now he will be assessed on this amount of personal property. His profits of the fight July 4 are not subject to the tax under the Illinois law, having been acquired since April 1.

SELF APPOINTED GUARD, DOG RESCUES BABY FROM OCEAN

New York, July 19.—Although no encrusted medal awaits Dot, a Scotch collie owned by Edward J. Gilligan, proprietor of the inn at Clason Point, it is certain that his life henceforward will be arranged on a luxurious plan and that the devout ministrations of the Gilligan family will lighten his declining years.

This because Dot saved the life of Mr. Gilligan's three-year-old daughter Edna yesterday, when the child fell into Long Island Sound from a power yacht. The occasion demanded quick action, and Dot was quicker than any human volunteer.

Charles Connolly, of Boscobel avenue, the Bronx, was the host of a party yesterday aboard his power boat the Osprey. The start was from the inn at Clason Point, and among Mr. Connolly's guests were Edna and Alice Gilligan, three and seven years old. An attempt was made to persuade Dot to join the party, but the dog chose to remain on the pier head, where he spent the afternoon, motionless as a statue, his head between his paws and his entire attention focussed on a group of bathers making merry near the inn. No one appointed the dog life guard, but no paid guard was ever a better one.

Toward evening Dot began to show signs of suppressed excitement as the Osprey appeared, bound in shore. Little Edna, held by her sister, stood waving at Dot from the Osprey's bows, and the the dog, his grave eyes alight with pleasure, whined a welcome and capered in circles as the yacht came closer.

Persons who were watching him said afterward that he leaped into the water from the pier at the exact moment little Edna tottered in her sister's grasp and that he was on his way to the Osprey by the time she struck the water and sank. A sudden stopping of the yacht to let another boat cross her bows had shaken Edna from Alice's grasp.

Dot seized the child's dress in his teeth and fetched her ashore almost before any one realized that she had been in danger. Safe ashore Dot laid his burden down and bared his teeth threateningly when a dozen persons ran to lift the unconscious child.

They were compelled to wait until Mr. Gilligan came. Edna was sitting up by then, and a physician had come running at Mr. Gilligan's heels. As soon as Edna was safe in her father's arms Dot removed himself to his position on the pier head as if he considered all this fuss and excitement not in the best form.

FIVE DIE IN BUSH FIRES

Manitoba Property Swept by Flames.

Winnipeg, Man., July 19.—Bush fires are again blazing furiously in the Kootenay district of the Rockies, and have caused five deaths and enormous damage to property. The most serious loss is in the Kaslo district.

The town of White Water has been destroyed. All buildings at McGuigan were burned and the Lucky Jim, Rambler and other mines lost their buildings. Three hundred miners with their families lost all their possessions. The Powers lumber camp is completely destroyed with its timber and cord wood. Teams were roasted alive.

Great Northern Suffers.

The Great Northern railway has suffered, bridges and freight cars being burned, and $100,000 worth of timber belonging to the company consumed. The Washington, Utica and Rico mines are safe.

Rescue trains dispatched from Kaslo were unable to pass Bear Lake and returned crowded with panic-stricken men, women and children, who are being cared for by citizens of Kaslo.

Bush fires near Kaslo are still blazing fiercely, and other fires are burning at Merrior Lake and in the vicinity of Nelson.

HARD LUCK FOLLOWS BOAT

First Collision and Then Fire Menaces Steamer.

Copenhagen, July 19.—Fire broke out today on the German tank steamship, Standard, which recently arrived in the harbor with a cargo of petroleum from Philadelphia. The oil was soon blazing fiercely.

The authorities ordered that all the shipping tied up here be prepared to quit the port at a moment's notice. The Standard has been in hard luck since sailing from America. On June 30 she was in collision with the White Star Liner Baltic, but was able to continue her voyage unassisted.

HUNDRED HURT IN RAIL WRECK

Dublin, July 19.—Several cars of an excursion train on the Great Southern railway broke away from the locomotive today and running wild down an incline crashed into a passenger train.

Many persons jumped from the runaway cars and tumbled down the embankment. About 100 persons were injured, most of them slightly. A score of the injured were brought here for medical treatment.

ENGLAND FACES LARGE STRIKE

Northeastern Railroad Sees Traffic Disorganized.

London, July 19—A strike that threatens to reach serious dimensions has broken out among the employes of the Northeastern railroad. Traffic is disorganized.

No notice of the intention to strike appears to have been given by the men, who declare that the strike is in protest against the generally tryannical methods of the officials.

Th trouble started in the New Castle district, where 3,000 employes of various grades went out at 10 o'clock last night.

SPENDS STAMP TO TEST CENT

A South Dakota Woman Inquires About Lincoln Penny.

Washington, July 18.—One of the new Lincoln pennies has reached a woman at Palermo, N. D. Its unfamiliar appearance worried her. She sent a letter to the postmaster general, saying she had "one of them new cents with A. Lincoln's picture on it and 'Liberty,'" and inquiring "if it's as good as any other cent."

The writer says in her letter that the penny bears the name of the man who made it, "E. Pluribus Unum," and she wants to know if it is true that the government is paying a premium for "them kind of cents."

"If you ain't the one what knows," she concludes, "pleas send this letter to him as does."

A reply containing full enlightenment has been sent to the woman at Palermo, North Dakota.

MANIAC KILLS HIS KEEPER

Ionia, Mich., July 19.—Herbert Taylor, an attendant at the state asylum for criminal insane, died last evening following an attack made upon him by William Burke, an inmate of the institution. Burke suddenly becoming violent, struck the keeper on the head with a window weight.

AERO WORKS WRECKED

Zeppelin Company Loses by Explosion.

Friedrichshafen, Germany, July 19.—The gas works of the Zeppelin Airship Co. were demolished by an explosion today. Nine persons were injured.

The managers of the plant were not present at the time, and the cause of the accident has not been ascertained. Shortly before noon the gasometer burst and the surrounding walls were blown to a great distance. Several cottages in the vicinity fell in heaps of ruins at the shock, while other nearby buildings which held to their foundations, lost their windows and doors. The detonation was heard for many miles around, causing a panic in the district and even among those residing on the opposite side of Lake Constance. The neighborhood is sparsely populated, and chiefly by those employed in the Zeppelin factory.

PATTEN MAKES FEW DOLLARS

Cleans Up $2,000,000 on Cotton and $1,000,000 on Wheat.

New York, July 19.—The high price of cotton has proved most profitable to James A. Patten, the big Chicago speculator. According to his intimate friends in the local pit he will net about $2,000,000 profits from the sale of 100,000 bales of actual cotton taken up on May contracts, after paying $250,000 for insurance, freight and other charges.

This cotton, which he has been selling in Europe and this country at 16 cents, was brought below an average price of 11 cents.

It also became known that Mr. Patten, who as been of the opinion for months past that the crop situation was most favorable, got into the wheat market some weeks ago and on his heavy bull operations has cleaned up so far over $1,000,000.

END OF CANNON'S TOUR

Tuesday Night's Speech to Be Last—Will Then Go Straight Home.

Topeka, Kan., July 19.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon got up at 7:30 this morning, ate a leisurely breakfast and at 9:25 o'clock took a Rock Island train for Alma, where he was scheduled to speak at 11 o'clock.

To this early beginning of the day's campaigning he apparently had no objections, though he did not reach Topeka until 1 o'clock this morning, after an automobile ride from Burlingame, over 30 miles of rough and dusty road.

Though Speaker Cannon looked tired when he entered the dining room of the hotel this morning, he insisted that he was feeling "first rate," and he would not admit that yesterday was a hard one, though he made three speeches, two of them an hour and a half in length.

Goes Home Soon.

Speaker Cannon will follow his Alma speech with a speech at Herington at 3 o'clock this afternoon, at the conclusion of which he will take a special train to Marion, where he speaks tonight.

So far as now can be foreseen he will take a Rock Island train out of Marion at midnight for Kansas City, whence he will go direct to Danville.

Senator Joseph L. Bristow, "insurgent," in a speech here this afternoon pronounced Speaker Cannon a poor judge of rubber.

Has a Come-Back.

Speaker Cannon, at Burlingame yesterday, replying to a former speech of Senator Bristow's, said the senator had either "wilfully, or knowingly, or ignorantly" misrepresented the fact when he said that the increased duty on manufactured rubber had resulted in a lamentable decrease in the importations of that commodity. The senator, Mr. Cannon said, liked to brand everybody who disagreed with him as dishonest and that these remarks on rubber gave him a chance to accuse Mr. Aldrich of being a member of the rubber trust.

In replying Senator Bristow said:

"I am told that Speaker Cannon said he did not know that Senator Aldrich organized a trust. In my Winfield address I set forth facts as contained in official documents, in Poor's Manual and in the Wall Street Journal, which are considered reliable authority by every business man in this country. Whether or not Senator Aldrich is guilty of a technical violation of the statutes, it is the duty of the attorney general of the United States to investigate violations of the Sherman anti-trust law. But I do know that he is guilty of violation of political decency, of political honesty.

WRITER MUST PAY ALIMONY

Brandenburg Faces Prison on First Wife's Complaint.

New York, July 19.—Broughton Brandenburg, the magazine writer, who is awaiting examination on a charge of passing a worthless check for $50, was arraigned in police court yesterday on a charge of abandonment made by Valine Brandengurg, his first wife. The magistrate ordered him to pay her $5 a week and to furnish a bond as guarantee of the payments, in default of which he was to go to Blackwell's Island for six months. Brandenburg failed to produce a bondsman and was held.

BRYAN ENDORSES METCALFE

His Boost for Senatorial Candidate Is First of Its Kind.

Lincoln, Neb., July 19.—W. J. Bryan in a statement given to the press gives his unqualified endorsement to the candidacy of Richard L. Metcalfe, who recently filed for United States senator from Nebraska. It is the first time since Mr. Bryan's entrance into Nebraska politics that he has given a personal endorsement to any Nebraskan for office.

GAYNOR SEES ANOTHER LEAK

Election Notices Cost $40,000 Instead of $4,000.

New York, July 19.—Mayor Gaynor yesterday took steps to stop what he considers another leak in the city treasury.

In the general election of 1908, the mayor says, the election notices sent to the city board of elections by the secretary of state included not only the list of offices, but a long description of the boundaries of voting districts. The printing bills in six newspapers totalled more than $40,000. Had the notices been of legal length, the mayor holds, merely giving the list of offices, the expense would have been only $4,000.

The corporation counsel is asked to investigate and to call the attention of officials to the matter.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, July 19.—Selling by the country and rains in parts of the northwest caused a weak feeling in wheat on the call. Losses ranging from ¼c to ⅞c developed in the local market at the outset. Higher cables than expected served to check the decline somewhat. At 10 a. m., however, values were lower all down the line than at the opening, with the exception of cash, which remained steady. There is a marked contrast between the northwest and the winter wheat districts. In the former section, crops as a rule, are way below normal, while the central district has a crop that looks good in every respect, with the exception of the spots where ice killed the plants last winter. Opening prices were: Cash, July 1, $1.08⅜; September, $1.08¾; December and May $1.13⅞.

Offering in the Toledo market today were the largest of the season. On came out. As a rule, weather has been favorable for harvesting in Ohio this week. Toledo cash closed 3c off, at $1.07½; July 2⅝c down, at $1.06⅝; September 2¼c lower at $1.06¾; December 2½c off at $1.08¾; May 2¾c lower at $1.11⅜.

Corn values were a little lower at the start, but the market held about steady most of the morning. July opened ¼c down at 63¾c, September at 63¾c, and December and May ¼c down at 59c and 61c.

At the close oats prices were: Cash 64c, July 63¾c, September 63½c, December 59c, May 61½c.

July oats opened ¼c lower at 43c, September ⅛c lower at 39¼c, December ⅛c off at 40⅜c, and May ¼c off at 43c. Reports from oats in Ohio and adjoining states indicate a big crop of fine quality.

Final oats prices: Cash 43½c, July 43¼c, September 39½c, December, 40⅝c, May 42⅞c.

Clover seed was unchanged at the opening and at 10 a. m. Cash, October, December and March started the day at $7.35.

At the close all clover seed prices were $7.30.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 19.	Close July 18
Wheat—					
Cash	1.10	....	....	1.07½	1.10½
July	1.08¾	....	....	1.06⅝	1.09
Sept	1.06¾	....	....	1.06¾	1.09¼
Dec	1.10⅝	....	....	1.08¾	1.11¾
May	1.13⅞	....	....	1.11⅜	1.14½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	64	64
July	63¾	....	....	63¾	64
Sept	63⅜	....	62¾	63½	65⅜
Dec	59	....	....	59	59½
May	61	....	....	61¼	61¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	43½	43½
July	43	....	....	43¼	43¾
Sept	39½	39⅝	....	39½	39⅞
Dec	40⅜	....	40¼	40⅜	41
May	43	....	....	42⅝	43¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.35	....	....	7.30	7.35
Oct	7.35	....	....	7.30	7.35
Dec	7.35	....	7.27½	7.30	7.35
March	7.35	7.40	....	7.30	7.35
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	77	77
No. 3	....	....	....	74	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.60	2.60
Aug	....	....	....	2.60	2.60
Sept	....	....	....	2.50	2.50
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.50	7.50
Aug	....	....	....	7.85	7.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	1.09¾	....	....	1.08¾	1.10½
Sept	1.08	....	1.05½	1.05⅝	1.07⅝
Dec	1.11¼	1.09⅝	....	1.07¼	1.09½
May	1.12⅝	1.13¼	1.11	1.11⅛	1.13¼
Corn—					
July	59⅞	....	59¼	59½	59⅞
Sept	61⅝	61⅝	60⅜	60⅝	61⅛
Dec	58⅞	59⅛	58⅜	58⅝	58⅞
May	60⅞	61⅛	60⅜	60⅝	60⅞
Oats—					
July	41⅛	....	40⅞	41⅜	41⅜
Sept	39½	....	39	39⅜	39⅛
Dec	40⅜	40½	40	40¼	40⅝
May	42½	....	42¼	42⅜	42⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.22	....	....	1.21	1.22⅜
Sept	1.13	....	1.11	1.11⅛	1.13

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	1.04⅜	....	....	1.03⅞	1.05⅛
Sept	1.05¾	....	....	1.03½	1.05⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.22	1.24
Sept	....	....	....	1.15¼	1.17⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.24	1.29¼
Sept	....	....	....	1.17⅜	1.20⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	....	....	....	25.25	25.50
Sept	21.52	21.55	....	21.35	21.52
Jan	18.52	....	....	18.15	....
Lard—					
Sept	11.72	....	....	11.57	11.72
Oct	11.60	....	....	11.45	11.57
Nov	10.00	....	....	9.97	11.30
Ribs—					
Sept	11.52	....	11.40	11.42	11.50
Oct	11.00	....	....	10.85	10.97
Jan	9.37	....	....	9.25	9.40

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 19.—Hog receipts were again light and there were no changes in price. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves ruled steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.85; good mediums, $8.85@9.00; heavy yorkers, $9.25@9.50; light yorkers, $9.40@9.50; good mixed, $9.20@9.25; good pigs, $9.50@9.60; bulk of sales, $9.20@9.25; stags and roughs, $6.50@7.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $6.50@7.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.00@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; common and light steers, $5.00@5.50; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@2.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime expert bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.75@4.25; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.75@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; culls and common, $3.00@3.50; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.25@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail fed, $5.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 19.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 10 cars, dull. Hogs, 5 cars, steady. Heavy, $9.00@9.10; yorkers, $9.50@9.60; pigs, $9.90. Sheep, 5 cars, strong. Lambs, $7.25; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; wethers, $4.75@5.12; ewes, $3.75@4.25. Calves, $5.00@10.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, July 19.—(By Bower & Reynolds.) Hogs, receipts 15 cars, easy; yorkers and lights, $9.15@9.40; heavy, $8.80. Lambs, $7.90. Calves, $9.75; steers, $6.50@7.00; cows and bulls, $4.00@5.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, July 19.—(By Live Stock Journal).—Cattle, steady. Hogs, 1,500; slow, 10c lower. Heavy, $8.80@8.85; mixed, $8.90@9.00; mediums, $9.20; yorkers, $9.20@9.25; lights, $9.00@9.50; pigs, $9.50@9.60. Sheep, slow, 15c lower. $4.50 down; lambs, $6.75 down. Calves, steady, $9.50 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 19.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 6,000; market weak. Beeves, $5.20@8.80; Texas steers, $4.10@6.50; western steers, $5.90@7.00; stockers and feeders, $3.60@5.70; cows and heifers, $2.65@6.75; calves, $6.75@8.90. Hogs, receipts estimated at 12,000; market steady. Light, $8.05@9.00; mixed, $8.50@8.95; heavy, $8.25@8.75; rough, $8.25@8.40; good to choice heavy, $8.40@8.95; pigs, $8.60@9.00; bulk of sales, $8.45@8.75. Sheep, receipts estimated at 20,000; market steady. Native, $2.50@4.00; western, $2.35@4.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.85; lambs, $4.25@6.65; western, $4.00@6.75.

Money and Stocks.

New York, July 19.—(Wall Street)—Trading in the general list was dull at the opening of the stock market today, but there were wide movements in a few cases. Canadian Pacific declined 1¾. Reading and Denver & Rio Grande 1 and Great Northern preferred ⅝. Rock Island preferred advanced a point. Prices showed a tendency to droop after the opening.

The weakness of Canadian Pacific had a depressing effect, but pressure was not active and the action of prices was wavering and uncertain. Colorado Fuel declined 1.

The Grand Trunk strike caused sympathetic weakness in Canadian Pacific, which lost 3½ points. Reading's decline reached 1⅜. Rock Island preferred 1⅜ and St. Paul, Northern Pacific and Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie preferred 1. Federal Mining preferred two 2, and American Linseed preferred 1. There were fractionally rallies at noon. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

Stocks—	New York, July 20, 1910. Open.	High.	Low.	Close	Close
Atl. Coast Line	112	112	....	1.07½	1.10½
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	119½	119¾	119	119	119
Atchison	98